



No. 2789

Library

BOSTON EC

N. B.

*Library of*  
**ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY**



**BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS**



THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

---

VOL. VII, No. 42.—OCTOBER, 1874.

---

## PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

"Some books are lies fra end to end,  
And some great lies were never penned.  
Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been kenn'd  
In holy rapture,  
A rousing whid, at times to vend,  
And nail't wi' Scripture."

SEVERE as these lines of Robbie Burns are, they are not inappropriate or unjust when applied to most of the books and "reports," as they are commonly called, of Protestant missionaries.

We have had full opportunity for judging of this. For more than a quarter of a century after we attained to manhood we were a Protestant, and on intimate terms with Protestant ministers, who were greatly interested in missions among the heathen. We know that those interesting papers called Reports on the State of Religion and Reports on Foreign Missions are prepared, as a skilful nurse prepares and disguises medicine for children—sweet, bitter, sweet—and that, during their preparation, it is suggested: "Enlarge on that, it will make a good impression; pass lightly over that, it might cause discouragement; say nothing about that, it would create distrust! We must

keep up the confidence of the people."

It was our lot—we were taught to say our privilege—in our youth to belong to a "juvenile missionary society," and we well remember how we devoured the pages of missionary "Daysprings," "Heralds," etc., published letters of Protestant missionaries, reports of the American Board of Foreign Missions, the lives of Judson, Martyn, and others, and whole stacks of missionary pamphlets. How our young heart throbbed as we pored over pages describing the anxiety of poor heathens who had "never heard of the gospel" to have it preached to them, and of the gladness with which benighted idolaters, who could not read Bibles and tracts, accepted them.

But even when a lad a "change came over the spirit of our dream." We could not help thinking it strange that all the reports of missionaries should dwell so much upon prospects and so little upon results.

And when we looked back

through old files and volumes of missionary pamphlets we found that this had always been the case. The "door" for great usefulness and extensive conversions was always just about being opened, and yet never became open. The missionaries, as far back as we found reports from them, always seemed on the point of doing great things, yet never did them. Then, too, it seemed strange that people, who the missionaries wrote were so glad of their coming, should oppose and persecute them.

When we became acquainted with geography and the accounts which travellers gave of foreign lands our perplexity increased. The missionaries were always represented, in missionary addresses and reports, as suffering great hardships and self-denials, and living in constant danger of death.

But from their own letters, and the references to them in books of travellers, we found that most of them lived in large cities in Asia, or in seaports of Africa, or the South Sea Islands, frequently visited by vessels, and where they enjoyed almost constantly the society of naval officers, captains of commercial vessels, and the consular agents of the American government, or of the governments of Europe. They seemed generally to live in convenient houses, and have a number of servants to wait upon them; and for what we could see they were in no greater danger, and encountered no greater hardships, than the consuls of the different governments who resided at the same ports. Still we thought "the poor missionaries" good, self-denying men; and though we could not understand it supposed it all right.

At last we were awakened from our slumber. A real, live missionary visited the town, and made his home with our father. Then—as "little pitchers have big ears"—

we learned the reality respecting Protestant missions.

This "poor missionary," of whose "persecutions and trials" we had often heard, had his residence in a large city. He had in his employ a number of native converts who attended to the country districts, which, during the pleasant season of the year, he occasionally visited. He was well satisfied with his residence in Asia, nor would he exchange it for one in the United States. The climate was delightful, the necessities, and even the luxuries of life abundant and cheap. The families of representatives and consular agencies of foreign governments and of wealthy Franks, furnished excellent and desirable society. The wages of servants were low. A large dwelling could be rented for a small sum. And we found that, in order to maintain a proper influence over the heathen, the missionaries kept up a style and manner of living equal to that of the quite wealthy—all of which, of course, was paid for out of the missionary treasury.

All this, we thought, is not so very unendurable after all. We attended the missionary meeting. There we heard nothing of what we heard at home, but a great deal about the benighted heathen, and our duty and privilege to aid in converting them, and the laborious life of missionaries, and their great self-denial, so that we would have wondered, had our little ears not heard what they had, how these missionaries survived to reach their native land, and tell the dangers through which they had passed. Then came statistics: the number of miles travelled, the number of visits made, of sermons preached, and of Bibles and tracts distributed. Then we were told that the people were ready, eager, to be converted—that the harvest was ripe, and in danger of being lost for want of reapers—that the great thing need-



ed to insure success in the mission and save souls was money. Then, again, reference was made to the self-denials and hardships of missionary life; and then "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" was sung, and the "hat passed around."

That meeting was enough for us. Our ears had been too long and had heard too much, and we had taken our first lesson in the art of putting this and that together, and this brings us pointblank to our subject.

We have before us several specimens of missionary this and missionary that, which we propose to put together, and if we obtain from their union what some people call "consecrated" (*concentrated*) lie, we do not think ourselves to blame.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for August, 1873, there is an interesting and instructive article on "The Customs and Curiosities of Madagascar," in which is given a sketch of its missionary history. The writer says that fifty years ago it was inhabited by a "heathen people," "superstitious and ignorant," and "possessed of no written language." Though they "were not so debased morally as some heathen nations," they were, nevertheless, "licentious" and "deceitful." "Purity" and "truth" were "unvalued," and "chastity" "unlooked for." "Thousands of infants were exposed" and deserted by their parents. Such in a condensed form is the picture he presents of the condition of these heathen, "not so debased morally as some other heathen nations," and it is sufficiently unattractive. He passes on to give its present state, and informs us that to-day there are "500,000 professing Christians," "600 or 700 churches," and "20,000 children attending school." "The Bible has been translated," and "in one year 150,000 different Malagasy publications were sold," and "one hundred and twenty na-

tive evangelists are maintained to work in the *remoter* districts of the central province." Having given these statistics and others, the writer remarks, "Madagascar contrasts remarkably with most mission fields in this, that the results have been out of proportion to the means employed. In China, where are two hundred missionaries, representing thirty societies, the converts are under 10,000. . . It would seem as if the religious education of the Malagasy has been, so to speak, taken by God out of the hands of men and conducted by himself."

Then follows a history of the first missions established during the reign of Radama I, who encouraged them, with the design to civilize, educate, and politically aggrandize the Hooahs; then, under the reign of Ranavola, who got the idea that Christianity meant revolution, and prohibited it with cruelty; then, under the reign of the present sovereign, who, we are told, at his coronation made the following "noble argument" for religious freedom, viz.: "As to praying, there is no hindrance and no compulsion, for God made us."

The statement is right encouraging, even though much, of course, remains to be done, such as settling such trivial matters as the relation of church to state, public education, domestic slavery, divorce and polygamy, the organization and training of the people in self-government, etc., etc. But having done so much we can well afford to husband our patience.

It now, however, becomes our duty to put this statement with another, which we find in the September number of the same magazine. The Revs. Stribling and Matthews, missionaries of the London Missionary Society, have favored its editors with letters from Madagascar, of which they kindly allow their readers to have a peep.

"Occasionally," it is said, these missionaries "come on a good and earnest man," but "there is yet much ignorance and indifference." "It is necessary to train native preachers, to reform psalmody, by doing away with native music and introducing English," to habituate them to "weekly offerings," and "urge them to regular attendance in the sanctuary."

Truly such a change in the condition of things during the period of a single month is rather discouraging, and we feel somewhat doubtful as to the solidity of the piety of these Malagasian converts. Perhaps Rev. Matthews may cheer us up a little. Not so. This reverend missionary pathetically "laments that since he came to the island he has not known *one* decided case of conversion to God." "People will ask who the Queen of Sheba was? How Satan came to make war in heaven? How Melchisedek could be without father and mother?" How diligently and inquiringly these people must study their Bibles! Our respect for them increases, but alas! alas! they do not ask, "What must I do to be saved?" "Though they have given up their idols and become nominal Christians, there is the utmost need of an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, to turn them into living Christians. Indeed, the people must be regarded as in a very critical state, having abandoned their old beliefs without having come in any true sense under the power of the Gospel."

Now let us put this and that together, and with what result? The one hundred and twenty native evangelists maintained to work in the remoter districts, and the 500,000 professing Christians, all dwindle down to less than a minimum quantity, to not even one decided case of conversion to God, to absolute nothingness. And the religious education of the Malagasy,

so remarkable in its results that it seemed to the first writer as if "taken by God out of the hands of men and conducted by himself," has failed to bring them "in any true sense under the power of the Gospel." Critical, indeed, must the condition of that people be, who having cast off their old faith, however erroneous it was, are left destitute of any! If the blind lead the blind, will they not both fall into one and the same ditch?

We have before us also several contradictory statements regarding other African missions. Rev. Thomas Guard, now settled in Baltimore, but formerly a missionary in Africa, delivered a lecture a year or so ago, from a newspaper report of which we clip the following remarks concerning the religious condition of the Kaffirs.

"Habits of industry are being formed; wants are multiplying, and labor to supply them on the increase. British laws are shielding life and property; schools are forming the future generation; women are growing in self-respect. Christian homes are increasing; the Bible is rendered into their language, as well as catechisms and Christian hymns; scores have been made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and are bringing forth the fruits of righteousness in good living before their heathen fellows. The great truths of Christianity have found the adaptation to and power over the lowest Kaffir mind in Africa, and hence the result."

This is all encouraging; but let us examine a little by the light of undoubted testimony in what manner Dutch and British laws have shielded life and property, and the character of this boasted progress in civilization and Christianity. The country of the Cape of Good Hope was possessed in nearly equal proportions by two African nations, the Hottentots and Kaffirs. At an early period the Dutch formed a



small settlement at Cape Town, which in process of time increased in numbers, in extent of territory, and in persistent and methodic persecution and extermination of the natives around it. The Hottentots were a pastoral people, of a mild and indolent disposition, and herded great numbers of cattle. Under the pretence of trading with them, the Dutch boors were accustomed again and again to proceed in armed parties into their territory and violently deprive them of their herds. Retaliation ensued, and at the time the English captured the Cape, in 1797, what Hottentots remained had been civilized or "converted" into slaves or wandering robbers.

"Having descended from the pastoral to the hunter state, the Bushmen (the remnants of the Hottentots) have, with the increased perils and privations of that mode of life, necessarily acquired a more ferocious and resolute character. From a mild, confiding, and unenterprising race of shepherds they have been gradually transformed into wandering herds of fierce, suspicious, and vindictive savages. By their fellow-men they have been treated as wild beasts, until they have become in some measure assimilated to wild beasts in habits and disposition."\*

The Kaffirs are described as having been "originally a much finer and bolder race than the Hottentots."

"The Kaffirs," says Mr. Pringle, "are a tall, athletic, and handsome race of men, with features often approaching to the European or Asiatic model, and exhibiting few of the peculiarities of the negro race. Their color is a clear, dark-brown; their address is frank, cheerful, and manly; their government is patriarchal; and the privileges of rank are carefully maintained by the chieftains. Their

principal wealth and means of subsistence consist in their numerous herds of cattle. The females also cultivate pretty extensively maize, millet, watermelons, and a few other esculents; but they are decidedly a nation of herdsmen—war, hunting, barter, and agriculture being only occasional occupations." —Pringle, page 413.

The same system of robbery and murder adopted by the Dutch boors against the Hottentots was directed against the Kaffirs. Says Mr. Pringle again, speaking of the murder of some natives by one Cornelius Vandernest:

"I would not willingly give the impression that he is a mere savage ruffian. On the contrary, he is really one of the most respectable of these frontier boors; and is generally, and I believe justly, considered as a decent, good-natured, well-disposed person. The fact is, that even the very best of these men have been trained from their childhood to regard Bushmen and Kaffirs with nearly the same feelings as they regard beasts of prey, only with far more rancorous animosity; so that they can scarcely be brought to view even the treacherous slaughter of them as a crime." —Pringle, page 456.

This treatment of the natives, inaugurated by the Dutch boors, and tolerated by the government of Holland up to the time of the capture of Cape Colony by the English in 1797, was allowed to continue under English governors down to so late a period as 1836, and British officers and soldiers were frequently called upon to assist the marauders. Thus the Kaffirs were provoked into retaliation, and a war ensued which resulted in their expulsion from the colony.

"It is difficult," says Mr. Moodie, an old settler, in answer to the Parliamentary Commissions of Inquiry, "to account for the cruel measure of driving out so many of these un-

\* Pringle's African Sketches, 1834.

fortunate people who had lived for many years with the inhabitants; who had forgot their savage habits and even their language; who had acquired habits which made them dependent upon the colony." . . . "This people have," he continues, "come into actual contact with us; they have tasted some of the advantages as well as the evils of our vicinity to them. Numbers have lived in the colony and proved the most useful and faithful servants. They are a people living under the control of their chiefs, and they have fixed habitations and cultivate the ground; they seem, in short, to be on the very verge of civilization, and instead of doing anything to assist them, we drive them rudely back, even from the point to which they had attained without us; we reduce them to the nomad state, to that precise condition in which they are most dangerous to us." Such then is the manner in which British laws shielded the "lives and property" of the Hottentot and Kaffir population of Cape Colony, and with but little change for the better, still shields and protects them.

But the missionary is with them now, and the Bible has been translated, and "scores of them have been made new creatures," and "the great truths of Christianity have found power over the lowest Kaffir mind in Africa, and hence the result." And what result? Well, as early as, and previous to, 1826 many missionaries were in Southern Africa, and Captain Stockenstrom, whom the *Westminster Review* (October, 1836) considers "a first-rate authority," gives this as his opinion of the Christianizing effect of their labors:

"I can appeal to the government, my fellow-servants, the boors, the savages themselves, as to how I have felt and acted with respect to the latter, and defy the minutest scrutiny; but I am far from running blindly into the opposite ex-

treme, and thinking that collecting them into schools and preaching to them, while they are half starved, through interpreters who do not understand us themselves, will do them the least good. I am a strong advocate for missionary institutions among the Bushmen. I strongly urged Dr. Philip and Rev. Mr. Whitworth to settle missionaries close on our borders; but then I consider these worthy men in the outset more as protectors than as teachers, at least to the present grown-up race of Bushmen."—*Parl. Papers*, part 1, p. 118.

But it may be said forty years nearly have elapsed since then, and great changes have occurred. Will J. Pope Hennessy, C. M. G., Governor-General of the Bahama Isles, and formerly Administrator-in-Chief of the West African settlements, be kind enough to come upon the stand? According to the *New York Herald* (1873), his opinion is, that "at present Christianity has no force or power among the natives, either coast or interior. Islamism has more attraction for them. Isolated missionaries are of no avail towards evangelizing the natives. Trade and religion must work together."

But, Mr. J. Pope Hennessy, trade and religion unfortunately do not work together; and for every five missionaries that England has sent to her millions of heathen colonists, she has sent to their ports thousands of sailors, and in addition has planted in their midst colonies of abandoned convicts, who have not only maltreated and robbed them, but have introduced among them the vices and diseases of Europe, without conferring any benefit upon them whatever, and thus their civilization has become the cause and means of their destruction.

India presents another remarkable instance of unreliability of statements concerning missionary successes. This country, like Cape



Colony, has passed under the English yoke; like it, its native population have been made to feel, and now feel, the character of the fostering care and protection with which British laws, civilization, and religion "shield" their lives and property. As a missionary field it has always been regarded by Protestants with pride because of the wonderful successes which were said to have crowned the labors of their missionaries. It is not our purpose to present, as we could easily do, quotations from the grandiloquent reports which are to be found in missionary papers, and in the lives and works of Ward, Martyn, Judson, Newell, and others. Suffice it to say that for the conversion of the natives of no country have more missionaries been employed, more Bibles and tracts printed and distributed, more schools established for the education of rising generations, and more treasure expended. And with what results?

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the East India Company was chartered, which inserted in India the first and opening wedge of English aggrandizement and power. Blow after blow was struck upon it by England until, by this intrigue and that, the native princes were involved in jealousies and quarrels, and, disuniting them in policy, she opened a door for her own meddling interference. On one pretext and on the other, for the protection of this interest and of that, British arms were interposed; one after the other the native princes were hurled from their thrones, their provinces made subject to the British crown, and finally the lion of England succeeded in pawing the whole territory, population and all, into his voracious mouth. And the inhabitants, whom Bishop Heber, in his work on India, describes as being deficient in no "essential feature of a civilized people," as possessed "of manners at least as pleasing

and courteous as those in corresponding stations of life among ourselves; as having houses larger and, according to their wants and climate, to the full, as convenient as ours, and with an architecture as elegant." These people has the benign influence of British civilization and rule reduced to a condition little better than the slaves, if it be so good, and, though living in a land of remarkable fertility and productiveness, to such utter indigence and want that their wail of starvation is sounding even now in our ears as we write.

No wonder that the *Bengali*, an Indian newspaper, in an issue of no later date than last year, commenting upon some proposed "reforms" touching that country, speaks of British missionaries and British civilization in the following words of scorn and derision:

"The missionary and the brandy-bottle are held to be the pioneers of a certain kind of civilization, and our country has had enough of both these precious commodities. The desire to be like our betters is so strongly implanted in the human mind, that we feel almost inclined to overlook the beastly conduct of several of our educated countrymen on whom wine and spirits have been fatal poisons."

Do we desire, in addition to the above, testimony regarding the means by which the conversion of the natives has been effected, the character of their conversion, and the impression made upon them by contact with "self-sacrificing" Protestant missionaries? If so, the evidence is at hand. Prof. James Forbes, an English Protestant, having visited India, gives this as a portion of his experience. He says the Hindoos would say to him, "You call yourself Christian, so do the Roman Catholics who abound in India. They daily frequent their churches, fast and pray, and do many penances; the English alone

appear unconcerned about an event of the greatest importance." He also records that he had "been asked by many natives of India whether we really believed the truths of our own Scriptures." In full corroboration of the above, a correspondent of the *Church Herald* in India chimes in as follows:

"The Roman Catholics are the only powerful body I have not noticed. *Their work certainly thrives. There are no nobler schools in India than the Jesuit and the Convent school.* The head of the missions in India is Archbishop Steins, a scholar respected for his abilities, and more than respected for his genial and loving character. The Roman Catholic services, too, are attended by different races invariably—'*the Church*' will have no distinctions of races within her fold; whereas the Protestant services are often confined to Europeans in one place and natives in another. *There are many Protestant places of worship in which you do not see a native face.* In a Roman Catholic Church (I was in one at High Mass on Christmas day) you see the native and European kneeling side by side, and I think it has a wonderful effect on the people. The Protestant congregations have great trouble with their native preachers, who claim equality. . . . Such, in general terms, is the state of religious parties in India at the present time. 'We certainly are educating the people—*whether we are christianizing them or not I do not know.*' If you educated a young native for 'the Church' the chances are that he would run away to more remunerative employment. . . . The Roman Catholics have an immense advantage in the Portuguese and French 'East Indians' who adhere steadfastly to their Church. The Protestants, on the other hand, are often connected with ruling men—a great temptation to a native in

India; *but when all is done the Brahmin beats us out and out, and will till education has done much more than we can yet foresee."*

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, an English correspondent of the *Toledo Gazette*, relates that at a late meeting of the British Association in Brighton, "he heard Mr. Kaimes, F.S.A., in the presence of a very large audience, denounce the whole missionary system, and declare that the Christian missionary rarely possessed so good a religion as the people he went to convert;" and Mr. Kaimes, instead of being replied to and hissed, was vehemently applauded by his English audience.

Nor is it much wonder that Mr. Kaimes should denounce the whole missionary system, and have so low an opinion of Protestant missionaries, if they carry on their operations everywhere as they are said to do in India. The methods by which the "conversion" of the benighted natives of that country is secured are detailed in the following extracts, the one from the *Pall Mall Budget* of June 1st, 1872, the other from the report of a lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Union of Boston, in November, 1873, by the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, who at one time was himself a missionary in India. Says the *Pall Mall Budget*:

"The promoters of the Baptist mission in Delhi have arrived at the conclusion, which they set forth in their annual report, that 'the expenditures of mission funds on native catechists, preachers, converts, and inquirers, is doing more to hinder the progress of Christianity in India than all the active opposition of Hindoos and Mohammedans put together.' It appears that there is a large and active class of natives who obtain a decent maintenance by living in a state of chronic conversion, transferring themselves with a facility gained by long practice to and from the



communions of Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, High Church, or any church, '*provided they are properly paid for so doing.*'"

Mr. Aldrich fully corroborates the above. We are told "he considered that there was a vast amount of corruption and fraud in missionary work, and that its general tendency was to impede rather than to advance the cause of Christianity. On the whole, it was a work of corruption rather than of regeneration. Converts were bought for small sums of money, and when he first landed he was rather surprised to find a man ready to be baptized and join his church for two-and-a-half dollars a month, which was fifty cents more than he had been receiving from another minister of the Gospel. He afterwards found hundreds of the lower class of people who were ready to do the same thing, and also found missionaries ready to buy them up in order to increase the statistics of their work for home perusal. Of course this had a very bad effect upon the

higher and the better class of people. Then advantage was taken of hunger and want, and as an instance of this, he stated that an English bishop bought up several hundreds of starving people, and thereby caused much joy among the religious population of England when the report of so much good done at one stroke arrived there."

It was our intention to have contrasted several accounts from Protestant sources regarding the social and religious condition of the Sandwich Islanders, and also several in relation to Chinese and Japanese missions. We have said enough, however, and more than enough, to make good the lines with which we began this paper. We lay down our pen, and as we do so, the conviction forces itself upon our mind that in whatever proportion Protestant missions and Protestant civilization have obtained influence over a nation, in that proportion have they invariably deteriorated and debased its people.

---

## FIAT JUSTITIA.

### VI.

I THINK it might have been about three months after all this, that my mother came in, weak and weary—I had sorrowfully noticed her growing weaker every day—and told me with trembling, excited voice, and face lit by color not natural there, of the incident in the Park. She used to always tell me of anything strange that happened her, and I was always interested in her account of her day in the outside world. It grieved me to the heart to see her so weak, and I made her lie down and rest, wondering all the time what excited her so. She

did not tell me the latter part of the story till a sad night afterwards, though if she had, without any explanation, it would only have increased my bewilderment. Eugene came in after awhile, and she had fallen into a quiet slumber, so in whispers he gave me his version of the story, wondering at her interest in watching as she did. I said:

"That is easily explained, for the little beggar girl is a neighbor of ours, a poor orphan living with wretched people, who abuse her dreadfully. It was she who gave me my plant. She picked up the potato out of the gutter near a

market-stall, and put it in the old pitcher, and when she found it sprouted she brought it to me."

"What a pretty addition to the story that is!" he exclaimed; "and so that is the reason mother watched her. I was making all kinds of romances out of it."

"Yes, that is the reason, Eugene. But though the watch might come from it, mother's excitement could not."

"Perhaps," he looked at me pityingly, "perhaps, dear Picciola,"—he always called me Picciola after that first night—"it comes from her failing strength."

And as I was silent, having no voice to speak, he went over to the little couch where she lay, and felt her pulse so gently as not to wake her, and looked at her now white and wasted face. I could see it from where I lay. It was a beautiful face with finely cut features, such as I would think the sculptors and artists I read about might take for a model for one of their grandest works, and just then it seemed to me that beauty was more perfect than ever. Ah! it was because she was so near heaven then, and the loveliness of her almost freed spirit was shining there.

"She grows very weak," said he, returning to me; "she must be made take some rest, Picciola."

Then, though he stayed with me till she awoke, and she did not awake for an hour, we did not speak another word. I think we must have felt the shadow of what brooded over her upon our hearts.

She awoke, saying:

"Yes, soon now, James."

Eugene went out and brought her in some nice wine. I suppose he had to do without something to get it for her, but he got it anyhow, and after she took it she sat up and talked quite cheerfully for awhile. So, seeing this, I thought I might speak to Eugene of a little thing I had read of to say to him when he

would come. I laid my rag flower in his hand, and said I:

"Now it is finished, and you must keep it to remember your Picciola."

"Yes," and he smiled one of his own smiles I thought so beautiful, "I am to be the purchaser."

"No," I said, a little hotly, "that would hurt me to the heart's core."

"Well," he spoke very gently, "I will not vex you, dear. Let it be so."

"I am not so poor I cannot give my friend a little rag!" I went on, somewhat chafed.

"No, indeed!" he assented, "that would be woful poverty! But what a beautiful rag! It *could not* be bought!"

"Your goodness to me bought it long ago," said I, melting to tears now. "You did buy it!"

"Ah! that is it. And you will work another now, with real cotton, on what is it—canvas?"

"No, fine muslin, Eugene. And when it is worked it shall be sold."

"Yes. What is this the money is to do?"

I said nothing.

"Now, Picciola, is that trust? You keep such a secret from your friend so closely! You think he is not to be relied on!"

"Tell him, love," said my mother; "it is only a dream anyway."

"Well," I said, "mother loves father's grave so, and I do too, though I cannot go to it like her. And she puts his name on it, in little white pebbles she picks up on the river-bank in winter, but the wind blows them away, or the rain dashes them out of their places, or the snow covers them up. And in summer she plants the letters on it in low grass, and they come up green and beautiful, but after awhile they fade, or some one carelessly pulls away parts of them, or they are parched by the sun, so they look brown and ugly. And she longs so to have his dear name put



there so the sun, nor snow, nor rain cannot deface it, and so it will always shine on her first when she comes near. And I want to get it for her, so she need never shed tears to find her work all gone when she visits the spot."

"And," said Eugene, in a hushed tone, "thus the poor, little, chained hands would, with their work of love, brave the strong wind and rain and sun! Yes, dear Picciola, love is a worker of miracles. And where is that spot so dear to those patient hearts, in whose patience I, every day, find some new marvel?"

"It is in an old graveyard by St. Peter's Church. The grand cemetery was not in existence when father left us. And mother planted a rose tree there, that she carried in her arms six miles, for she had to walk that far out of town to get it at all. And a willow tree, too, Eugene; it was a tiny thing she pulled up by the river's edge, and now it shades the whole place. Birds build there and sing around my father's bed, and the branches bow down like we do over a bed where we watch the sleep of those we love."

"Ah! yes, go on."

"When mother leaves me to visit it I lie, with my eyes shut, and see her kneeling with her cheek pressed on the grave, and the drooping branches above her, and the rose tree, beautiful and silent, but sending out its perfume instead of words, and the little birds looking in wonder at her and afraid to sing. Then I add to it my dear father smiling on all this from above, or maybe coming and taking her to his heart."

Now she was weeping very, very quietly, and not seeming to know this I changed the subject.

"But I will tire you with all this," said I, "and I did not mean to say so much when I commenced. Eugene, will you read me some of Adelaide Proctor? I know mother would like it too."

But he was silent, and so was she. In that silence he stood up, and taking my mother's hand, on which her tears were softly falling, he kissed it, and more to himself than to us, he whispered:

"To lie in a grave so marked, nameless though it be, is a fate to envy!"

Then, bidding us good-night, he went out. I knew he was thinking of the one so dear. I wondered his thoughts could not penetrate to her very soul, wherever she was, and bring her to help him with his burden.

## VII.

It was some days after this, and every one of these days my dear mother grew weaker and weaker, though each evening of them Eugene brought her some of that nice wine; I heard a voice on the stairs, a dear, little voice I had always loved, and now had missed for a week, Nora's. Nora was the child who had given me my plant.

The little voice, as it came nearer and nearer, was answered by another, a lady's, rich and sweet at once, a voice that seemed made to hold love-tones, and these were in it, as it addressed the child. Finally, the door opened, and with a triumphant shout of "Here's Gertie now!" my tiny friend stood before me, but transformed. From an image of most pitiable childish woe, and most complete destitution of all that children need or crave, she had become an incarnation of the real and beautiful delight belonging naturally to their hearts. The sweet, gray eyes danced with joy, the fair face beamed with light it had never owned before, the little form bounded to my bedside with a motion new to it. A robe of pure white, simply made, and a graceful straw hat tied over the brown hair, now carefully arranged in curls, had taken the place of her old costume of rags. I had never seen a child

so beautiful as she looked to me, except in pictures. But there was a rustle of other robes, silken ones trailing over my poor, worn door-sill; I looked from her, and like visions of the light itself were the face and figure that met my gaze. If light could sing, that soft, and twinkling, and, to me, new and charming sound made by the rustle, might have been its voice, so pleasantly did it impress my unaccustomed sense. It was a stately figure, stepping, as I have often shut my eyes, and imagined the queens of old, of whom I read in the books Eugene brought me, to step over palace floors. Indeed, it made me feel ashamed our poor floor was not marble, that regal step; it seemed to reproach it by the very sound of its proud fall. The robe which trailed over it, as if obeying the bidding of this step, was pale blue in color, and of the make called a carriage-dress, so I have been told since. Out of its shimmering folds—I had never looked on such a shining combination of hue and material before, so they seemed to me like some marvel wrought by light—rose a face so beautiful, I began to think I must be dreaming. It was not just the features either, it was even more the expression, which was so lovely, so proud, and yet so melting with pity; so noble and yet so full of tenderness. As it looked on me then, so do I imagine the angels look on those who suffer here. It was a very fair face, quite as fair as the heart-leaves of white roses, and just as daintily tinged with color. The eyes that pitied me so were dark and of the darkness that melts, not penetrates; the lips were curling and proud; the nose delicate and like one chiselled; and the hair—it waved in loose, abundant waves—was of the palest gold. You, who see so much beauty, will say this, of hers, was of a rare kind. It was indeed; I, who had

never seen any before, felt this, as I looked at it dazzled. She came over and laid her hand on my head—it was a small, white hand, exquisitely shaped—and said she, quite as if she had known me a long time, and been in the habit of petting me,

“Poor Gertie! Dear, little prisoner.”

I forgot her beauty and her stateliness, and that she was like a queen of old, and an angel at once. I took her for a tender-hearted woman, and it was to this I replied, when I said:

“You are very good. Will you kiss me?”

She did, not as if she were afraid to kiss a crippled thing, that could not look nice to any one, but heartily, as if she would have that kiss do me good, and then she said:

“Nora has been telling me about you, and indeed, you were all she seemed to have to give up, in coming to me. Poor Gertie! I came to let her see you, and to find out if I have anything that will help your patience or ease your pain.”

“You have—yourself!” I said, admiringly. I really felt but that. She laughed.

“And,” cried Nora, eagerly, “she’s got a white marble lady, and a bird, and flowers that grow in a glass garden, and a table that sings when you hit it, and a hundred white dresses”—her breath gave out.

“Which will you have, Gertie?” She was laughing still.

“You, I think!” I laughed too, but that was to hide the trembling of my voice. I believe just then I adored Ethel Esmond, for she it was.

“No, Gertie,” said little Nora, “please don’t have her.”

“Why?”

“For then I will have nobody again. It was awful, and this is so nice!”

“Will you let her often come to see me then?”



"Oh yes," with a tiny grown-up air; "I'll bring her."

"Well," then gently spoke Ethel Esmond, "I must do as I am told, you see, Gertie. Now, let me find out all I can about you."

So she commenced asking me questions. I need not repeat them, for they were almost the same Eugene had asked me. I suppose any one, troubling him or herself about me at all, would have naturally asked them, and that is the reason they were alike. I told her all about myself, and she listened in pity quite as deep as his, though there was not such tragedy in her way of showing it as in his. His pity was a storm, but hers was sunshine. Yet both were equally dear to me.

"Now," she said, when I got to the end, "I am to get the second flower."

"Indeed, you shall."

"But I would like it to be of ravellings, not real cotton."

"It will not be half so nice."

"Oh yes it will. Would your friend let me see the other?"

"I know he would. I will ask him."

"Ask him then, and I will come back in a day or two. I think I know now all that would be nice for you."

I struggled to speak my thanks, but as you must have seen long ago, was often the case with me, could find no voice. She said, gently, then:

"I know what you want to say. If you could understand how happy it would make me to know I had at all lightened your cross, you would consider the obligation all on my side, not yours. Mine is a lonely life, and money cannot buy for me—love," a great deal of sorrow dwelt in the tone that said these last words; "indeed, dear little wandering prisoner, it often shuts it out from us who live in the great world."

I wondered greatly at this, and determined to ask Eugene what it meant, for I generally brought my riddles to him to be solved. I did not get time to say so, for my dear mother entered, very pale and very tired.

"Mother!" I cried.

"Ah! how I envy you," said Ethel Esmond, clasping her hands; "how I envy you, poor Gertie!"

My mother eagerly laid her hand on her sleeve, looked up with eyes full of unnatural brightness into her face, looked wistfully and half joyfully, said in a tone like the last breath of one fainting to death,

"Why? Why did you say that?"

"Because she has you—*her mother!*"

"Oh!" That was like a wail of a heart that bled, yet triumphed, that cry, with which my mother fell forward on the beautiful stranger's breast. She gently laid the poor head thus pillowed back on one arm, looked pityingly into the still face. I saw how still it was, and a terrible fright seized me. But she answered it.

"Do not be frightened," she said, in a quiet, reassuring tone; "it is only a faint."

But it seemed to me a fearful thing, that white, motionless semblance of what I imagined death to be. I could not bear to look on it, and my heart beat so that I could scarcely breathe. She laid her down, and out of a basket which her coachman had placed just inside the door when she first came in, she took some wine, which she held to her lips, as soon as my dear mother unclosed her eyes. When she had swallowed some of it, a faint color came to her cheeks, and she soon said she was better.

Ethel Esmond remained with her awhile longer, during which she sat beside her, talking to her kindly, and now and then giving her some wine. But I watching keenly, for I was frightened about her,

noticed that she never once looked into the lovely face bending over her, never once. Little Nora had been very quiet all this time, indeed, she was naturally a child who did not talk, unless under great excitement. Now when she found her friend engaged with my mother, she crept up to me and said:

"I brought a flower out of the glass garden for you, Gertie."

"Did you, dear?" said I; "where is it?"

"I'll go get it. The lady let me take whatever I liked for you, and I picked it. Wait."

I "waited." She ran out of the room and returned with a majestic white lily in full bloom. She put it on the window-sill nearest me, and patting the queenly flower with her tiny hand, said she, in perfect good faith:

"There, wait with Gertie, for God to come," and as a smile of exquisite childish love for me parted her lips, she added, "then she'll be just as white as you, and as glad, and stand up too."

"For she shall 'put on immortality,'" said my mother's voice, solemn and low, "when God will come. Poor child! if the coming was near!"

Then she sat up, with quiet determination on her face, and forcing her poor lips to smile, said she:

"My weakness goes at the thought of how she needs me. I will be better now, Miss, and I thank you for your kindness to her and me."

"Are you quite sure," asked Ethel Esmond, "that you need me no longer. I can stay with you without any inconvenience."

"No, no!" said my mother, hurriedly, "not in need of *you*!"

"I would be glad you needed me," and a wonderful smile broke over the wonderful beauty of the face. But my mother was not yet looking at it.

"Tell me," she asked, and her voice was, strange to say, full of

"exceeding great peace," "did you ever get your mother's blessing?"

"My mother died when I was born," said Ethel Esmond, in a tone of tender longing; "I would give worlds to deserve her blessing."

"You do deserve it." She drew down the stately head to her homely breast, and laid her wasted hand on it. "For all your good and sweet acts I say God bless you—for your mother."

I never saw anything like my mother's face then, and I have no words to describe it. It was glorified. I never saw those eyes shine with such love; I, who had seen them at their fondest. I never saw that brow crowned with such pride, I who had watched the impress of its noblest thoughts. And over all there was a halo of such peace as we may imagine settles on a martyr's face when his pain is ended, a glory left by the spirit as it broke the last earthly fetter.

Ethel Esmond stood up weeping, weeping with all the abandon and all the earnest tenderness of a sensitive and yearning heart, and only saying, "I will come again," she went away, as if she could not trust herself to say more.

I noticed that my mother did not yet look at her. And when she was quite gone, said I: "Mother, isn't she as lovely as an angel?"

"Yes, dear," in a broken voice; "and she's the image of one that's with me night and day."

"What, mother? Whom do you mean?"

"My James!"

Then I knew why she could not look at her. After a little tearful silence, then said she,

"I just came from his grave, dear. Do you know what I found there?"

"Ah! that is why you came in so sick! Poor mother, had some one pulled up his name again?"



"No, my honey, no." But as I came near it, I thought I must be dreaming; I saw something white rising up above the green around the place. Indeed, I was afraid my poor brain was giving way. But when I got up to it, there—"

"Oh, mother!" I exclaimed, under my breath, my heart beating, "Eugene had been there!"

"In truth he had, and left the mark of his visit to be seen there always. It's just a tall, beautiful, white pillar, and at its foot a cross, and above that your father's name and age; they told me at the church he inquired for these there. And there's a white step below the pillar, and a hand cut on the step, in such a way, it looks as if it had just placed the cross against the pillar, and it waited there for another to clasp it. I know what it means, my honey. People with hands not waiting so mightn't make it out. *My* cross is there, you see."

When Eugene came, it was not easy to find words to tell our feelings to him. So, being awkward, we could not find them, and not finding them, we kissed his hands, our tears falling on them. He knew, and said:

"My friends, it will bind us closer together. Is it not so?"

"Just so!" we echoed. You see we knew well he had to do without many things for months to come, perhaps, in order to make up for it, and this made us feel it far more intensely than if he had done it from a mere impulse of good nature easily gratified.

"Now," said he, cheerily,—he did not wish the scene kept up,—“tell me all about the day! Has it been a very dull one, poor Picciola?”

How much I had to tell him! He listened quietly without any comment at all. And when I had told all, I eagerly propounded my question.

"She said money often shut out

love from people in the world, Eugene. How can that be?"

As he did not answer, I looked up. He sat gazing, not at me nor at anything I could see, gazing intently on some image of a thought in his heart, his face pale, his eyes lit, his lips smiling.

"Oh!" said I, clasping his hand, and I did not know why I said it, nor did I know what, in his look, gave me the knowledge, "she is the one, Eugene! And she is an angel! I have found her!"

He repeated, as we do some strain of a song we love to hear, "The one."

Then gently unclasping his hand from mine, he went to the window where the lily stood, and looked out for a little while in silence. When he came back, he took from his pocket a book of poems, and read for me, as, indeed, he usually did at this time. But he said no word of what we had been speaking about, and I did not renew the subject, thinking he did not wish it.

But I quietly recalled for myself, and set up on strong foundations my sweet "castle in the air."

### VIII.

ETHEL ESMOND came the next day. I knew she would, and awaited her coming, with the little rag flower ready to show her. Nora was not with her; her little pet was not well enough to come, she said, and sent me some flowers instead. Then, with a strange wistfulness in her eyes, she asked for my mother. I said she was out working. She shuddered as one does with cold, and whispered, "That is horrible!"

The tears stood in my eyes, for I knew *how* horrible it was, and pictures of its horror had torn my heart all day. Then she said, "Poor Gertie! She must be made rest—for you."

"Oh!" I answered, "I wish to see her resting more than anything in the world!"

"Never mind, dear, I will find a way. Poor, tired mother!"

The tone was love itself; the look in the eyes, such pity as could never have been put into words. I hope I answered to it by the tears that, when they come, will never let me speak, and that came now, many and fast.

"When will she be home?" she asked.

"Not till late, till seven o'clock in the evening."

"Well, tell her I want her to work for me to-morrow, and not to go out till I send some one for her. Then the work will be rest, but that is between you and me," with a kindly smile.

"You are so good!" As usual, I said a very insignificant thing when I wanted to say a great deal.

"Now, did you ask your friend for the flower to show me?" I knew this was said to change the subject. I gladly produced the flower. She went into raptures over it, quite as enthusiastic as Eugene's, notwithstanding my preconceived notion that a lady would not admire it as much as he. Then I told her, with my heart in my words, the story of what he had done about my father's grave. She listened earnestly, with fast moistening eyes, and at the end said, in a hushed sort of tone:

"Did you call him Eugene?" I thought her voice dwelt tenderly on the word.

"Yes," said I; "Eugene."

"A beautiful name—Eugene—what was the other?" eagerly.

"Woodruff."

The sweet eyes drooped, the lips quivered, and hid their quivering then in a smile.

"I knew of a Eugene once," they said, like lips that might be talking in a dream, "like whose good heart and whose poetic mind that act would have been, Gertie. But," and a sigh told the disappointment, "this is not the same."

"It might be," I said; "Woodruff is not my Eugene's real name." At the word "my," how those velvety dark eyes defied me! So I fancied any way.

"Not real! What then?"

I told her in a very simple way, I thought, Eugene's story, and yet, as I went on, she was touched beyond all power of controlling her feelings. Perhaps the stately head might not have drooped so before one who seemed to know the world better than I. Perhaps the queenly heart thought the prisoned cripple could not read love's signs, or it might have been more chary of showing them. I did not know Eugene's real name of course, but I saw the story was recognized; it answered for the missing name. I tried to be eloquent, speaking of his loftiness of purpose, his lonely life, his sacrifice of self, and the low estimate at which he held his own goodness. At the end I mentioned softly, and with all my own deep feeling about it compressed into the sentence which spoke it, about "the one" so dear to him. Then I was silent. So was she, a crimson glow burning on each cheek; her eyes looking far away as his looked, when I knew he thought of her, her lips half-parted, but not smiling, rather as our lips are when we weep. Seeing them without looking above them to the tearless eyes, I would have said she wept. Sitting this way a little while, she appeared to forget me, and wrung her hands, and said:

"Oh! why must it be so?"

I touched her. She did not seem surprised. She only turned and said:

"Yes, poor little Gertie, I know you are there. Do you think, tell me, there is no world of pain but yours, to which you are chained?"

"No," I said; "his is a world of pain, and so is hers, if she loves him."

"If—she—loves—him!" The



words were repeated slowly as though they spoke a monstrosity, the "if" was emphasized as if it contained a sacrilege. Then she quickly added, "Oh! it is all, all outside here, poor Gertie, a world of pain," and walked to the window, the window where the lily stood, and where, last night, he had gazed out, thinking of her, and there she hid her face and her thoughts from me. But I knew the face still held its crimson glow, and I knew the thoughts would people my sweet castle in the air, and lying waiting for her to come back to me, I built it higher and higher.

When she came back she said, "You see, Gertie, I know the one your friend loves so dearly, and I know your story of him would make her proud."

"Then she loves him," I said; "and if she does, why don't she stay with him, and be poor with him? I would, I know!"

The velvet darkness of the eyes defied me again, I thought. But she answered very sadly, and looking on me in a kind of wonder and envy I suppose, of my ignorance of conventionalities,

"The world and Eugene do not let her."

I did not know what that meant, and I could not take it as usual to Eugene to be solved, for I wanted to make real my castle in the air without his help. So, determined to find out, said I:

"I cannot understand that. Please tell me why they do not let her."

"It might be a very lofty sort of courage, little Gertie, for her to go to him, and braving his high sense of honor, which seals his lips and the world's formulæ, which would condemn such an act, say, 'Take me to be your comfort, because I—love you—.'" The voice fell sweetly, as if it had lost itself in the depth of her heart to find the words, and I heard it coming up from there;

the eyes drooped, and the crimson lights beneath leaped up to meet that modest, downward look. "But," she went on, "it is an act that even he might misconstrue, and being motherless, remember, Gertie, she must do nothing that could be doubted."

"But if she had a mother," said I, "Then," and the stately head was raised, "in her mother's sacred presence, she would answer his unspoken cry for love and help, not minding if the world found out and mocked the act."

"Oh! if she had a mother!" I cried, my castle in the air fast dwindling down to a mass of bright ruins.

She stood up to leave me, and with a look of tender eagerness in her eyes, said she,

"Say it once again, that I may be certain of it—for her. You heard him say he—*loved her*. You know he had never said it—in words—to her."

"He said he loved her; that she held his heart in the hollow of her gentle hand."

In a moment more she had kissed me and was gone. But I am sure I saw the "hollow" of that "gentle hand" held tightly against her heart. That night was the saddest of my life.

## IX.

My mother came home and sat down beside my bed, and laid her head on the edge of it moaning, not able, at first, to speak. Lest, after you have read this part of my story you might wonder why I call her so all through, I will say here, that then, and now, and forever, I held her and hold her as my mother, my own mother, my best-beloved on earth, the light of my poor life, and nothing that did happen or can happen, has the power to change this feeling in me.

I laid my hand, so powerless to

do her any good, on her bowed head, and said:

"Now, darling mother, there is rest for you."

"Yes, my honey," she answered, in the faintest of whispers, and without raising her head; "I think it is going to be rest now."

Something in the way she spoke brought a dreadful thrill to my whole being. I thought I could not live if she were gone, and the thought came without my knowing why.

Soon she raised up her head and looked at me. I can never forget that face. It was the face of death, but for the love in the eyes—that lived, beautiful and pure. Oh! my dear, dear mother! You must have patience with me; this is very hard to write.

She told me then, in a quiet way, that last part of the incident at the Park, adding:

"Now, my honey, do you wonder why I said that, and why I watched her so?"

"Oh! mother," I cried, "do not look that way! Do not tell me it. You are very sick."

For she was shuddering all over, and her lips were perfectly colorless, so colorless, it seemed strange to see them speak. No wonder I had instinctively dreaded the coming words:

"I am Ethel Esmond's mother, my honey, and it is you who should be in her place!"

"Not *my* mother." Of all that the words meant, this was the one dreadful idea my mind caught. That I should lose the possession of her as my very own, swallowed up in its overwhelming pain, all of what were to me far lesser considerations. My dear mother!

The voice was going on, saying:

"My sweet love, you have been kept out of your rights, but now I am going to rest, and there is no one to take care of you, and money would make some of the cruel

world do it, and so I will send for her before I go and tell her. And I know you will forgive me and her. I am—very—tired."

Then she fell forward in a faint, and I, unable to move to help her, lay in agony that I can never write of, my heart, I thought, broken. A long time we remained thus. I made many efforts to rouse her, but in vain, and striving to move a little towards her, I suffered pain so sharp as to make me scream. No one seemed to hear me. Darkness came upon us there, so lonely and so helpless. I scarcely knew whether my mother breathed. I could not reach her pulse nor heart. I remember I prayed to the One who alone was with us in that hour. I remember feeling as if I laid my woful heart in His hand, as it was all I had to offer with my prayer. I remember wishing wildly that Eugene would only come, and I knew no more.

## X.

WHAT I saw next was my mother stretched on a little couch close to my bed, so pale and motionless, I thought at first she was dead. Eugene was kneeling on one side of her, reading the prayers for the dying in solemn and fervent tones, and Ethel Esmond at the other, her face buried in my mother's pillow, sobbing, sobbing in such a way my heartache stopped to pity hers.

At the foot of the couch two gentlemen (a doctor and a lawyer, I have since been told) were seated, apparently talking about a paper lying on a table before them. One said:

"I presume all has been done that is necessary. The paper is properly attested."

The other replied:

"Yes; but the whole thing is out of the way. She need not have done it. She does not know the world. Some other provision



could have been made for—" He looked towards me and caught my eyes fixed in wonder upon him. The other, who was the doctor, then looked too, and seeing I was conscious, came over to my bedside. He laid his finger on my pulse and said:

"Do not speak; you have been in great danger, and a word may bring it back."

But I looked towards the couch, and not heeding him, I called "mother."

She started, made a motion as if to come to me, and said, in a touching, alas! dying tone:

"My honey wants me. God bless my poor one!"

Then she just held out her hand; I knew it met an invisible one, for it closed as if clasping it, and said she, in the voice I never heard again—Oh mother! mother!—

"Now—James."

The outstretched hand dropped, it dropped on Ethel's neck, it stayed there. Eugene bent over her with that awed face we have when we look on the dead. Her lips parted, smiled, and said:

"Sweet Jesus!"

It was said so low that but for the stillness in the room, even those bending over her could not have heard it. Then the stillness became greater. Eugene knelt down, his voice rose awed and sorrowing:

"It is all over. Pity these, O Lord!"

Then I knew I had no mother, and I had no heart to know more. Sense left me.

## XI.

My little prisoned spot was changed when next I had power to see it. I opened my eyes upon pictured walls, upon rare hot-house flowers, standing around my bed in silent loveliness; the bed itself was a tent of rose-hued silk, with curtains looped back by silver

lilies, and I lay on lace-adorned pillows, my poor frame covered with a quilt, rose-hued, and of silk like the curtains. Opposite my bed was a window, a jewel, a miracle of a window. It was deeply bowed, and opening to the ground, and with stained panes, that looked like rubies and diamonds and emeralds, glowing and burning there. In its recess stood a flowering tree, that gave out a delicious odor, and birds sang there the wildest, sweetest music I ever dreamed of, sang and hopped and lived with the beautiful tree for their world. Above it and inclosing it completely rose a little wire palace, I would not name it a cage, with pretty gates and fanciful make-believe windows. Over this, in the carved ceiling, was set like a huge jewel, a circular skylight, so that prisoners could see the blue and white and gold of the firmament, where God has set his worlds as lights. The room was very large, and the floor marble in the centre, with a broad frame of green velvet carpet almost like moss around the edges. And, from the heart of this marble centre, rose a fountain shooting up its showers of spray in graceful curves from the cup of a slender lily, held in the hand of a little child exquisitely chiselled in white marble. Other children laughed from the pictures on the walls on this white and silent little figure; it seemed as if they spoke, with their rosy cheeks and lifelike lips and curls that I fancied the air stirred, but this tiny, lovely prisoner only dumbly held aloft its spray-crowned lily, a touching image of captivity that owned not even the semblance of a voice to ask for liberty, and so, sat chained forever. Placed where my eye in seeking pictures would be likely to fall first, was a beautiful painting, too lifelike to be painted here in words—touching beyond all

words—beautiful even as the subject could make it, and that certainly says all for its beauty. It was the Mater Doloroso clasping the empty cross to her weeping heart. The longing in the eyes, gazing sadly on the brown wood, stained with his blood, who now was not there, was divine, the sorrow on the face human, both blended, were the heart of God's Mother speaking. On a little stand near me was my lily, the lily Nora had brought me side by side with the potato plant, and hanging above this, a little plain shelf Eugene had made me, with my beloved books ranged there smiling on me. I might have thought I was dreaming; I did think at first I was dreaming, and of heaven, but for these familiar realities of earth. Then I heard a whisper behind some curtains near, and the whisper said:

"Her eyes are open, go now, Nora. Say just what I told you."

The curtains parted, and Nora stood beside me white-robed, kissed my hands, and said gladly:

"Darling, darling Gertie!"

I asked:

"What is it all, Nora?"

She said:

"You are at home, Gertie, that's all. And you are not to talk, for you have been very sick. And—and," she looked towards the lily, her little lips trembling.

"I want my mother," said I.

"Eugene says, the lily was waiting with you, as I told it, one day—don't you mind?—for God to come. And—and—oh, Gertie! *God came!*"

"Nora!"

"But Eugene said, He saw *she* was more tired than you, and He'll come some other day for you, and He gave you this pretty place to wait in till then."

I said nothing, my bitter tears fell in silence. The whole world was as a straw to me just then, and

I would have given all that it could offer me to be back in our poor, our poor, but oh! how dear room, with our scanty food, and our sad days and nights, but with my mother!

Ah! well, that was selfish, and He who saw she was "more tired than I," loved her with a love surpassing mine. My dear mother!

## XII.

WHEN I was able to be told, Eugene told me the history of the night I lost my mother. It was, that he, coming up to see us as usual, found us both unconscious and in the dark, as I have before described. When she recovered her senses, the first words she spoke were a wild and beseeching call for Ethel Esmond. He got a doctor, who promised to remain with her, and then went wandering, and I can well imagine with what a beating at his heart, to the Esmond house. He had never met her face to face since the "long ago." He found her just alighting from her carriage on her return from a party. On telling her his errand, and that if she delayed she might never see my mother alive, as the doctor had assured him her life was ebbing fast, she simply turned round and re-entering the carriage went back with him just as she was. I can imagine her—I make a picture of her often to myself—coming there, in her youth and her joy, with her festal dress upon her, and all her rare beauty resplendent as when, but an hour before, it won for her the homage only given to the queens of society—coming to give tenderest pity, and to find what no one could deny to be a severe blow to that which made up her sum of earthly hope. I often think of it all, and often think how nobly she bore it, and how little the world could understand of what passed in the poor, shadowed room that night.

Eugene said it was touching



beyond words to see the joy with which, forgetful of the loss of wealth, she welcomed the news, that this was really her mother; heart-rending to hear her implore the doctor to save that precious life. Indeed he told the whole in broken sentences, and with many pauses of silence, which is the reason I cannot even try to narrate it in his words. Finally, he handed me a paper, walking up and down in agitation while I read it, and told me that would explain to me how it came that I, not she, was really the heir to the Esmond property. I opened it. It was my dear mother's deposition, sworn to by her, in presence of the doctor, Eugene, and Ethel.

It amounted to this: Mrs. Esmond was a companion of her childhood and friend of her girlhood. Young and innocent and beautiful she was wooed by Mr. Esmond, an old and childless man, immensely wealthy, and far above her in station. She was dazzled by the prospect of this wealth and married him. The marriage was most unhappy; her life, a purgatory; he was unreasonably jealous and exacting, tyrannical to an extreme and ill-tempered beyond bearing. I am trying to tell the thing in the way I read it, dryly and legally expressed, and as if I spoke of strangers, for only thus can I tell it at all.

When a child was born, a poor, ugly, crippled thing, the ill-treated and cowering mother was afraid to show it to her husband, afraid, God help her! of a blow, or if not that, a curse; afraid of a life of torture afterwards. She sent for her friend, living happily in an humble cottage not far from her, married to her heart's choice, and mother of a beautiful baby, only ten days older than the moneyed cripple. Mr. Esmond was away; she had time to plead and time to plan. She persuaded her friend to lend the lovely,

healthy infant for exhibition as hers; not having nourishment for the little one, she employed her to nurse it; in the future another child might be granted to her, and when its presence made up for the trial she would tell her husband all. The doctor promised silence in pity for her, and so did the nurse. None else knew of her child's sad condition. She was near it to care for and love it, and both children were equally tended by her friend, Gertrude Berer. Then a day came when Henry Esmond was called to look upon her, as she lay wildly striving to tell him what she never found voice to say, for she died, and his son, born an hour before, lay dead beside her. This latter was a terrible blow to his hopes, and set him frantic. Mrs. Berer told the story of the changed children. He would not listen; he cursed the wretched cripple, and swore no other child should ever share his wealth but the beautiful little Ethel. To make good his words, he took her away with him and did not reappear for years. The mother grieved, but determined to do her duty toward the helpless and deserted child. Just then, too, her good and faithful husband was taken from her, and she had to struggle on alone. Year after year she worked, growing poorer because less able to work. Then, when Henry Esmond died, she heard of her Ethel's return to the city, a great heiress. She watched and found her just and noble and true, like her father in character as in outward look. She made many efforts to tell her the truth, but could not find heart to do so; it would be such a dreadful test to her. Now knowing she had no time to live, she begged her to see the poor cripple reinstated in her rights.

Ethel Esmond listened, Eugene said, with cheek that never once blanched, and when she found that

her mother indeed must die, she sent promptly for the lawyer who managed her affairs. She requested Eugene to read to him the deposition, and when it was read, said quietly and firmly:

"I believe all that. Please draw up the necessary paper, relinquishing on my part all claim to the property and making it over to the rightful owner."

He tried to remonstrate.

"Nay," she said, "legal quibbles might make my claim good, but it is truly hers. God forgive the injustice that has heaped years of privation on her and luxury on me. I only wish I could make up for that too."

The lawyer drew up the document and it was then read to her, Ethel kneeling beside her, and saying at the end,

"Is that all, dear mother? Can I do more?"

Perfect peace came into the dying eyes, such as she might well have given a fortune to bring there.

"It is all, my child—my James's own child. You can do no more."

They were clasped in a sweet embrace then, and the mother said, "God will care for you, my own. I am not afraid to leave you."

And then, he said, a gray shadow began to come over her face. He knelt down, and began the prayers for the dying, which threw Ethel into the passion of sobs, that I saw when I became conscious. The doctor had pronounced this swoon of mine to be dangerous, as coming from an affection of the heart. Restoratives had been applied in vain, and I was then left to time. When I again became insensible, I was removed, and I lay for weeks in a sort of stupor, and perfectly devoid of reason. Still the doctor said I would recover, and the room in which I found myself was fitted up, divided from my sick-room only by curtains. When I showed signs of reaching a crisis,

my bed was rolled into it, that I might awaken to a sense of life and cheerfulness; all this done by Ethel. They thought little Nora best to see me first, as she would be least agitated on account of her childish unconsciousness of the terrible in grief. The doctor, an old lady who had lived with Ethel since her father's death, and Ethel, had watched me by turns, and awaited behind the curtains the result of little Nora's words, when I should awake. He had now told all.

### XIII.

"AND your love, Eugene?" said I.

"I am not yet free to speak it."

"And you have never said a word!"

"A word would have been all, my Picciola."

"Am I rich? Very rich, I mean, Eugene?"

He smiled.

"It would turn your head if I told you how rich," said he; "we will not mind it to-day; you have talked too much now, and the only way for me to stop it is to go."

He went, and I built a castle in the air, with gold for a foundation this time. I have said many times in the course of this story that I did not know the world, but I knew enough of it to understand the might of gold in it, to feel that it gave to me, a motionless cripple, the power lacked by a strong man, with muscular arm and willing heart and proud intellect.

While I built it, notes of tender music floated out on the flower-scented air around me, and a voice tremulously stole in amongst their melody, a sweet and yearning, nay, weeping voice. The curtains hid the singer, but though I had never heard that voice in song before, I knew it was Ethel's, and as its last tones quivered into silence with the words,

"Sweet spirit, hear my prayer,"

I shut my eyes to behold the sweet



spirit that had so tenderly watched my helpless life, gazing on me, on us with eyes that blessed, for my mother's face was the picture the words made for me.

A gliding step stole up to my bedside, and lips that tremble, as our lips do when we weep, were pressed to my cheek, saying then, "God bless her always." I knew she thought I was asleep, my dear and noble Ethel, and, from pure selfishness, to see if she would let fall any other word of love for me, I lay still. She only stood silent a few moments, and then with inexpressible compassion in her voice, said,

"Thank God, the poor, suffering one has her rights at last; thank God!"

If I could have sprung up and caught her to my heart. I opened my eyes, but she was vanishing behind the curtains. I called "Ethel," but she did not stop to answer.

After awhile little Nora came up crying, crying as if her heart would break, and gave me a note, cowering down then on my pillow, a woful picture of childhood's passionate grief. The note said,

"You are nearly well now, dear Gertie, and can do without me. I know you thought I could stay the same as ever, but you do not understand the world, dear, or you would not think so. I am young and strong, and can earn my bread, and it would be craven in me to live an idle life, taking from your generosity the means of doing so. Instead of that, I grieve to think, how impossible it is for me, to ever make up to you, that of which you have been defrauded. That I am fitted for the profession by which I now propose to gain a livelihood, teaching music, with the money that really should have gone to rescue you from privation and mental ignorance, is enough. I write all this instead of saying it,

because I know how hard it would be to convince you of the justice of the thing.

"I leave little Nora—for awhile. Of all I leave behind I will reclaim but her from you. Do not let your good heart drop one tear for me. I am not unhappy, and I bless God that you are so sheltered.

"ETHEL."

I laughed, yes, laughed, and Nora sat up and looked through her tears amazed. I said,

"She shall come back, Nora. Let us laugh at this."

"I can't," said the child, still doubtful. "She went all around and kissed everything, and said she would never come back to the dear things."

"And you trotted after her like a little kitten."

"No, for kittens are glad; like some sorry thing, Gertie, I went round after her."

"A lame kitten then that a big dog had worried. Are lame kittens glad?"

Then she laughed.

"But she didn't cry till she came there," pointing to the curtains, and growing serious again; "she cried over her piano. I used to think it was a table, Gertie, and sang when people hit it. Do you mind?"

"Yes; well, go on."

"Why she bid it good-bye in a song, and kissed it, and then she came in here, and did she kiss you? She signed to me I wasn't to come."

"She kissed me." I was too touched to say more.

"I held her dress, and pulled it, and screamed," went on the child, wofully. "I screamed awfully to go with her, and she took me up and held me tight, and said, 'Dear, I will come back for you; I would not do without you for the world.' And I said, 'Will you, for sure?' And she said, 'Yes, you are all that is mine.' Oh, Gertie!" with

childhood's ecstasy; "I am hers!" The little hands clasped themselves upon the innocent heart. Ah! Ethel was richer than I.

I did not speak. It hushed me into that silence, the picture that rose up before me of the high-hearted girl, bidding that farewell to her home. I saw the stately form in its black robe of mourning for the mother whom she had found but to lose, drooping before the sight of all that must be so cherished and beautiful to her. I heard the no doubt passionate and tender kisses fall on the dumb objects, that could not move to follow her. I thought I could fathom the backward glance of the proud and longing heart, at all it left behind with these; the homage of the world, its fascinating pleasures, its ornaments, and pomps, and jewels, and dresses. I imagined the vacant throne in the society where Eugene had told me she was queen. I wondered, if, with her royal step, she had trampled over it in going forth. Framed in my tears, I placed a picture last, the little orphan her gentle charity had rescued from the street, clinging to her on the threshold, where she laid down all in the stranger's hand, the only thing that clung to her then. And for this picture, I thought her words made a name of infinite pathos, "*You are all that is mine now.*"

Now this, exactly, "as 'twas told to me," is the story of how Ethel Esmond left her home. But you might like to know the fate of my castle in the air, which, having gold for its foundation, did not fare as castles in the air usually do, but being drawn downwards by the gravitation of that which is well known to be the heaviest of all metals, settled itself substantially on the ground, and defied the world's storms.

#### XIV.

HE was a shrewd business man,

a lawyer, who had charge of the property now mine. I am told the world is chiefly made up of men like him. I am sorry, for if it were not so, I am certain a great deal of good could be done there which is left undone.

He called on me, the day after Ethel left, to know my wishes.

"I have kept the whole thing a profound secret," said he, "so far, and I assure you that is no easy matter, where there is a woman or women in the business. I thought if you only had your senses back, you and she might come to some sort of a compromise, you see." He spoke testily, and as if I were a sort of criminal. "She don't know what's for her own good, and being a girl, sets aside all the advantages of still living here, as being a help to settling herself in the world. If she'd have managed matters right, she could still seem to be the same as before, and neither of you need have been any the worse."

"But she would not," said I.

"No," with a sharp glance at me, "though, mind, she needn't have given up to you at all, which I told her, before I made out the deed of transfer. For, you see, I had, and others with me, ma'am, heard Henry Esmond swear, over and over, that even if she wasn't his child, she should be his heir, and if the thing was brought to law, her chance for a verdict would have been good for half the property anyhow, you see?"

I saw, but this only made her act the truer and loftier. Her simple sense of justice exceeded that brought by the knowledge of the law.

"And now, here's the finest property in town, ma'am, at your disposal! Heavens! what a mint could be made out of it, just now, in railroad stocks! Some way or other, it seems to me, a mistake of Providence, for girls or women to have the control of such a pile of money.



You won't spend it in kickshaws. What would you say to railroad stocks?"

"What good would they do?" said I.

"Double, maybe treble your money, ma'am, and do good to the country besides. That's the way men manage money, ma'am—good men of business, live ones, as the saying goes. They benefit the country, and fill their pockets too, you see?" He put his hands in his pockets. I assured him I saw clearly.

"And women?" said I.

"Well, I've managed plenty of estates for them, and my experience is, that they either spend it on kickshaws, or give it up to some fool of a man too lazy to work for his living, ma'am! Positively so! You show pluck. Invest in railroad stocks—or there's oil, only it's liable to so many ups and downs, and railroad is safe; railroads, ma'am, as a general thing, can't move—and don't have the most available estate about this part of the country lying idle because the Lord saw fit to make you a woman!"

Then I asked him to listen to me for a moment, and I told him my views. I assured him making money was no object to me, to begin with. As to doing good for the country, I knew of a crowd of people in a far-off city in actual suffering, because they had been swindled out of their poor savings. I wished to return those savings to them; I could not imagine a better scheme for doing good to such a portion of the country, as might be supposed to belong to the sphere of a single private individual. I would be glad to employ his business powers in seeing this done.

"How am I to find them, ma'am? It is throwing money away, of

course, but that's the way when girls or women get hold of it!"

I had found out that Eugene's father was Enoch Grey. So I told him the name, and that the people in question were his debtors. He gave a long whistle.

"That was the biggest swindle of the age, ma'am! Why it will take all your property at the lowest estimate. You don't know what you're doing—you can't understand what a prodigious waste of capital it is! Worse even than kickshaws—this! Good Lord!"

He stood up and paced the floor, a picture of very unbusiness-like bewilderment, running his fingers through his hair every now and then, and stopping to eye me. At last,

"Pay fifty per cent.," said he, desperately; "mighty glad the poor wretches will be to get it. Keep the rest, and let me invest it. I'll then get your money back for you."

As the sole light in which I viewed the money, that it could make Eugene—to whom I owed the most precious part of my possessions—and Ethel—to whom I owed the rest—happy, I did not want it "back."

When I add that Eugene now holds up his head amongst men, a peer with the noblest; that his name, no longer hidden, is honored as foremost amongst the poets of the land; that Ethel is his happy wife; that I am "getting my money back" every day by their tender care of me, as Nora and I live with them, and all of us are provided for solely by Eugene's exertions; that our cottage is the most beautiful model of a tasteful and cosy home about the country; that the world considers Ethel a fool, and me, in a degree, a greater one; I have made for you a reality of my castle in the air.

## DYING SUMMER.

Now, the sun his torch reversing,  
 Setteth autumn's woods afire,  
 And their smoke-winged mists dispersing,  
 Drape sweet summer's funeral pyre.

Dimmed her dark eyes' brilliant flashes,  
 Sallow hectic-tints her blooms,  
 And her roses turned to ashes,  
 Near the pestilential flumes.

All her gay robes' faded tatters,  
 Dangling seamless round her form,  
 Which the pitiless rain bespatters,  
 Through the equinoctial storm.

Gone, her wealth of grains and grasses,  
 To the garner's miser hands;  
 All the stores that she amasses,  
 Ta'en by ruthless harvest bands.

And they're laughing, yes, they're laughing  
 At the havoc they have made,  
 'Mid the dance and bumper quaffing,  
 In the picnic's festive glade.

Can she find no stern avenger,  
 For the woes they've made her feel?  
 Soon stout winter will revenge her,  
 With his darts of frozen steel.

She the princess of earth's treasures,  
 Stewardess of fruits and flowers,  
 Empress of the leaf-crowned pleasures,  
 Tripping through the sun-gilt bowers.

Out in fairy shallows sailing,  
 O'er the brightly glistening streams,  
 Or in dalliance soft regaling,  
 'Mid aerial haunts of dreams.

On her bed of dank leaves lying  
 Now her forest psalm she saith,  
*Miserere* for the dying.

WHAT IS AUTUMN BUT HER WRAITH?

What the sermon that her story  
 Preaches to our earth-chained hearts?  
 What the balm her transient glory  
 To our wearied souls imparts?

Griefs and losses are our teachers,  
 We have here no lasting home.  
 Earthly pleasures are but preachers  
 Of the better things to come.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.



## LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

### FOURTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: In my last letter, I asserted that the religion established in England began in the year 1534; therefore it is to be considered a new religion. I hope that the evidence adduced was sufficient to defy contradiction. As, however, the confirmation of this fact, that the law establishment was founded by King and Parliament in the sixteenth century, and therefore was new and unheard of before that period, is of the highest importance, affecting, as it does, the claims of a large body of heretics to the possession of the true faith in the Church of Christ, and constituting the principal object of my writing, I should not be satisfied until we have the most positive proof, and every pretext for doubt upon this question is entirely removed. I shall, therefore, be excused, if I call your attention to certain observations and facts, particularly connected with the subject under consideration.

No one will object to the counsel which the Lord gave to the Israelites by his prophet Jeremiah: "Stand ye in the way, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls." (Jer. 6.) So forcibly does this instruction strike candid minds, that the conviction of any religious invention being modern and unable to trace its descent from Christ, is sufficient to stamp upon it the character of falsehood. Aware of this irrefragable truth, many ministers of the law religion deny, in the face of undeniable facts, that their mis-

called church was founded in the sixteenth century. Some time past, I met with a tract, in which these questions and answers were unblushingly committed to print: "Q. Which is the oldest, Popery or Protestantism,—that is, the religion of the Church of England? A. Protestantism. Q. But is not Popery, which was determined by the Council of Trent, 300 years old? A. It is; but Protestantism is 1800." Such mendacity and chicanery are vain; even the most ignorant know better as long as those beautiful and splendid monuments of Catholic faith and Catholic piety adorn the land. It is impossible to find language strong enough to express indignation at so much foul and shameful deception. Even the spiteful heretic Whitaker exclaims: "Forgery, I blush for the honor of Protestantism whilst I speak, seems to have been peculiar to the reformed, and I look in vain for one of those accursed outrages of imposition among the disciples of popery."

It may be well to show in another way the utter futility of all claims which the ministers of the law establishment have to be members of the Catholic Church, and to exhibit in its true light, and to its fullest extent, the stamp of novelty which is indelibly impressed upon that state institution. And first I will advert to the destruction of the Catholic religion in England. This work of destruction commenced with that act of Parliament which I cited in my last letter. We have seen that, in the reign of Henry

VIII, the Catholic religion was the only religion existing in the kingdom; and that Henry obtained for the defence of this religion, the title of *Defender of the Faith*. Now one prominent feature in the Catholic religion is obedience to one head, the vicegerent of Christ on earth, and the common father of the faithful, which head is the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter, and commonly called the Pope. This supremacy of the Bishop of Rome is termed the centre of Catholic unity. Mortified at the opposition which Pope Clement VII made to his foul passions, Henry determined upon a severe revenge. Every connection between his dominions and the Holy See must be severed, therefore the authority of the supreme pontiff must be suppressed; the bond timber must be untied; and the work of demolition commenced in this important part of the edifice of the church. Behold the first stroke in the destruction of the ancient faith in England! King Henry VIII, with the consent and (forced) sanction of his Parliament, proclaimed himself the supreme head in all spiritual matters. To this authority, to this new head, all his subjects were compelled to submit under the severest pains and penalties. They were prohibited with the threat of death to hold any communication with the one shepherd of the one fold, or to be obedient, in purely spiritual matters, to the Bishop of Rome, the common father of the faithful.

Christ said to St. Peter, after changing his name from Simon to Peter, which signifies a rock: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou

shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. 16.) Henry VIII, without changing his name, without being called by Christ *Peter*, declared himself the head of a new church which he pretended to erect in his dominions, and claimed not only for himself, but also for his son Edward and his daughter Elizabeth, the "keys of the kingdom of heaven;" that is, all manner of spiritual power and jurisdiction next to, and under Christ. A distinguished Protestant writer (Mr. Cobbett) expresses his views on this subject in the following manner: "The Scripture tells us that Christ's church was to be one. We, on repeating the Apostles' Creed, say, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.' Catholic means universal; and how can we believe in a universal church, without believing that that church is *one*, and under the direction of *one head*? In the gospel of St. John, 10:16, Christ says that he is the good shepherd, and that 'there shall be one fold and one shepherd.' He afterwards deposes Peter to be the shepherd in his stead. In the same gospel, chap. 18, Christ says, 'And all mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them, and now I am no more in the world, but they are in the world, and I come to thee, Holy Father. Keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be *ONE*, as we are.' St. Paul, in his second epistle to the Corinthians, says, 'Finally, brethren, farewell; be perfect, be of good comfort, be of *one mind*.' The same Apostle, in his epistle to the Ephesians, chap. 4, says, 'Endeavor to keep the *unity* of the spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, *one faith, one baptism*, one God and Father of all.' Again, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, chap. 1, 'Now I beseech you, brethren,



by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions amongst you; but that ye be perfectly joined together *in the same mind and the same judgment.*' But besides these evidences of Scripture, besides our creed, which we say we have *from the Apostles*, there is the reasonableness of the thing. It is perfectly monstrous to suppose that there can be *two faiths*. It cannot be; one of them *must be false*. And will any man say, that we ought to applaud a measure which, of necessity, must produce an indefinite number of faiths? If our eternal salvation depend upon our believing the truth, can it be good to place in a state of necessity to have *different* beliefs? And does not that which *takes away* the head of the church inevitably produce such a state of necessity? How is the faith of all nations to continue to be *one*, if there be, in every nation, a head of the church, who is to be appealed to, in the last resort, as to all questions, as to all points of dispute, which may arise? How, if this be the case, is there to be 'one fold and one shepherd?' How is there to be 'one faith and one baptism?' How are the 'unity of the spirit and the bond of peace to be preserved?' To give this supremacy to a king, is, in our case, to give it occasionally to a woman; and still more frequently to a *child*, even to a *baby*." (Hist. Refor.) Behold in this supreme spiritual authority claimed by, and given to, Henry VIII and his successors, the first stone which was laid in the erection of the so-called church established by law in England. And here I wish to observe by the way, that it is proper to place the demolition of the Catholic church in England in juxtaposition with the building up of the new Protestant church, so called; because I am not detailing works which at present are merely in prog-

ress, but works completed years ago and long since become the subjects of history.

I will now proceed to another part of the sacred church which was attacked and destroyed by that act of Parliament which gave to Henry the spiritual supremacy in his dominions.

The Catholic Church was always considered and venerated by Christians as their faithful and unerring guide in matters of faith; they ever respected this divine admonition: "He that will not hear the church, let him be to thee as the heathen or the publican." (Matt. 18.) When, therefore any disputes arose in matters of faith, if they could not be otherwise allayed, they were referred to the bishops and the lawfully appointed pastors of church assembled in council, over which presided the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter, either in person or by legates. Whatever was declared by a general council of this description to be the doctrine of Christ and his apostles, was received by all the faithful with humble obedience, and with a firm and unshaken belief. If any one dissented and refused submission, he was viewed in the light ordained by Christ. But this rational, ancient, and apostolical method of settling matters of controversy and pointing out correctly what are dogmas of faith, practiced in the Catholic Church, must be abolished by the founders of a new faith; and, according to this modern system, the king (or queen or infant, whichever may sit upon the throne) is invested with the novel and arbitrary power to visit, repress, redress, reform, order, correct, restrain, and amend all such errors, heresies, abuses, etc., by his own erring judgment, as he may by his ignorance pretend to discover in his dominions. Hence, according to the constitution of the English law establishment, it

is not true to say, "If thy brother shall offend against thee, go and rebuke him between thee and him alone; if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may stand. And if he will not hear them, tell the church; but *tell the king.*" What! if the king be an infant? Yes; tell the queen; for she has the same power in spiritual affairs as the king, who, according to the Parliament establishment, is, next to Christ, supreme in all spiritual matters. Behold another piece of the ancient and holy fabric levelled to the ground, namely, the consoling belief that the church cannot err in articles of faith. Behold also the completion of another portion of the new edifice, namely, the settlement of the highest matters of conscience intrusted to the sole will of a king, let him be the greatest simpleton in existence.

COLLIER.—"By virtue of this supremacy, as the pseudo-bishops and clerks of the law establishment cannot meet in any *assembly*, synod or convocation, but by his majesty's writ, so being convened, they cannot open their mouths to deliberate or make any constitutions touching doctrine or discipline without the king's assent first had under his signet; and having made any constitution they cannot enact, promulgate, or publish, or put in use the same before it be confirmed under his majesty's broad seal." (Eccles. Hist.)

MISS AIKIN.—"The numerously and respectably signed petitions from the Calvinistic or Puritanical party in the English 'Church' for some relaxation in the articles of subscription, which had been obtruded on the reluctant notice of James I in his progress towards his capital, had extorted from him a promise to take into consideration at his first leisure the state of the church (so

called). . . . Accordingly, in January, 1604, the divines were summoned to Hampton Court. On the first day none were admitted to the king but a select number of the most orthodox of the bishops and deans, from whom he desired to receive some previous explanation and satisfaction on certain disputed points. At the next meeting, four ministers only, nominated also by the king, without the concurrence of the Puritans themselves, appeared for this party; and the conference began in presence of the privy council and a throng of courtiers, the king himself sitting as moderator. Very different representations of the proceedings were afterwards published by opposite partisans; and, as usual, the weaker party complained of unfair treatment; not without reason in this instance, according to the account given by Sir John Harrington, an eye-witness and certainly no Puritan or friend of Puritans. 'The bishops came to the king about the petition of the Puritans; I was by and heard much discourse. The king talked much Latin, and disputed with Dr. Reynolds, of Hampton; but he rather used upbraiding than argument, and told the petitioners that they wanted to strip Christ again, and bid them away with their snivelling. . . . The bishops seemed much pleased, and said his majesty spoke by the power of *inspiration*. I wist not what they meant; but the spirit was rather foul-mouthed.' Nugæ. When the Puritan champions ventured to petition for the revival of those meetings for religious purposes among the clergy, called *prophesyings*, which Elizabeth and her bishops had been at great pains to suppress, he broke out into violent anger; and forgetful of the systematic dissimulation, which he called the art of ruling, laid open his inmost thoughts and feelings in



the following hard speeches: 'If you aim at a Scotch presbytery, it agrees as well with monarchy as God and the devil. Then Jack and Tom and Will and Dick shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my council. Therefore, I reiterate my former speech, *Le roi s'avisera*; stay, I pray, for me seven years before you demand, and then, if you find me grow pursy and fat, I may perchance hearken unto you, that government will keep me in breath and give me work enough.' Then, digressing to the royal supremacy, he said he would tell them a tale: 'After Queen Mary had overthrown the Reformation, we in Scotland felt the effect of it. For thereupon, Mr. Knox writes to the Queen Regent, a virtuous and moderate lady, telling her she was the supreme head of the church, and charged her, as she should answer it at God's tribunal, to take care of Christ's evangel in suppressing the popish prelates who withstood the same. But how long, trow you, did this continue? even till by her authority the popish bishops were repressed, and Knox, with his adherents, being brought in, made strong enough! Then they began to make small account of her supremacy, when, according to the *more light* wherewith they were illuminated, they made a further reformation of themselves. How they used the poor lady, my mother, is not unknown, and how they dealt with me in my minority. I thus apply it. My lords and bishops' (this he said putting his hand to his hat), 'I may thank you that these men plead thus for my supremacy. They think they cannot make their party good against you but by appealing to it; but if once you were out and they in, I know what would become of my supremacy, for *no bishop, no king*. I have learned of what cut they have been, who, preaching before

me since my coming into England, passed over in silence my being supreme governor in causes ecclesiastical. Well, Doctor, have you anything more to say?' *Dr. Reynolds*. 'No more if it please your majesty.' *His majesty*. 'If this be all your party hath to say, I will make them conform themselves, or else hurry them out of the land, or else do worse.' " (James I, vol. i.)

This is a very good illustration of the new mode of settling controversies by the potent wand of the royal supremacy, yet James was never considered so despotical as his predecessors who claimed the privilege of head of the church. Hence, the members of the law establishment maintained (contrary to the Bible, to the Catholic Church, and also to the Puritans), "That the right of reformation, that is, the privilege of removing the corruptions and of correcting the errors that may have been introduced into the doctrines, discipline, or worship of the church, is lodged in the sovereign or civil magistrate alone." (Mösheim, Eccl. History.)

The king or queen, therefore, has but to say the word, and

"Give the awful nod,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God,"

and bishops, parsons, and people of the *immaculate* Church of England bend in holy reverence and submission! It is an article of Catholic faith that there has been, and always will be, in the Church of Christ, a succession of pastors deriving their orders, jurisdiction, and divine mission from the Apostles. Our adorable Redeemer said to his Apostles: "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. When he had said this, he breathed on them," etc. (John 20.) "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go, therefore, teach you all nations." (Matthew 28.) In consequence of this divine *ordination* and *commission* to exercise the

priestly office, St. Paul wrote to Timothy: "I am appointed a preacher and an apostle, a doctor of the Gentiles, in faith and truth. (1 Tim. 11.) Till I come, attend unto reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine. Neglect not the grace that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy with imposition of hands of the priesthood" (c. iv). And to Titus: "For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee" (c. i). In his epistle to the Romans (c. x) he asks, "How shall people believe in God of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?"

Now every Catholic priest can say with St. Paul: "I am appointed a preacher and an apostle in faith and truth," and "the word of God which I announce to you, and the holy sacraments which I dispense to you, I am qualified to announce and dispense by such a Catholic bishop, who was consecrated by such another Catholic bishop, and so on, in a series which reaches to the Apostles themselves; and I am authorized to preach and minister to you by such a prelate, who received authority for this purpose from the successor of St. Peter in the apostolic See of Rome." But this succession of pastors must be broken. This essential part in the beautiful edifice of Christ's church must be razed to the ground. And what kind of modern building is to supply its place? Why this masterpiece of impiety, folly, and inconsistency: "*The king is the fountain of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction.*" (Refor. Leg. Ecclesiast.)

"By virtue of this supremacy," says Collier, "the clergy are bound to admit and consecrate what person soever the king shall present to any bishopric, upon penalty of incurring *premunire*; and the consecration is to be performed

by such and so many as the king shall appoint; which persons are to do this work, not by virtue of any ecclesiastical jurisdiction in them, but as the king's delegates, who by his letters patent commands them to consecrate the elect bishop; and in them, if there be any canonical defect or impediment, the king by his *royal, supreme spiritual jurisdiction dispenses with it*. Both which things are evident by the patent for the consecration of Parker in Queen Elizabeth, by the instrument of the said Parker's confirmation, and by practice ever since."

Who ever heard that Henry VIII, Edward, his son, and Elizabeth, his daughter, were the successors of the Apostles, and received jurisdiction and mission from them, through the channels of apostolical appointment and succession? What bishop sent them? What bishop was so impious as to impose hands upon them? What bishop said to Henry, or to Edward, or to Elizabeth's heirs, "Neglect not the grace that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with imposition of the hands of the priesthood?" What bishop, possessing authority himself, said to any one of them, "I have been lawfully appointed, I also appoint thee; ordain priests in every city, and give them a lawful mission?" For a woman to claim to be the *fountainhead* of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction; to sit above the bishops in the church of God; to command them to preach or be silent at her pleasure; to supply whatever canonical defects there might be in their consecration by her supreme spiritual authority, is, of all the absurd things in this world, decidedly the most absurd! What indignation would be enkindled in the countenance of that Apostle who said in so firm a manner, "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to use authority over man; but let her



learn in silence with all subjection" (Tim. 1, v. c.), to behold the unparalleled presumption of a woman sitting as the supreme *governor* of the church! From what we know of St. Paul's apostolic character, we may conjecture that had he been living in the times we are speaking of, he would have made both Henry and his two children, Edward and Elizabeth, memorable examples of his fervent zeal in the cause of God and the holy faith, for daring to intrude into the purely spiritual province of the church; for daring to overthrow the ecclesiastical government established by Christ; and, above all, for daring to make bishops the mere creatures of the crown—the mere sheriffs or lay vicars created by letters-patent from the sovereign; nominally bishops as long as the will and pleasure of the king or queen permitted! "When Ozias was made strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction, and he neglected the Lord his God; and going into the temple of the Lord, he had a mind to burn incense upon the altar of incense. And immediately Azarias the priest going in after him, and with him fourscore priests of the Lord, most valiant men, withstood the king, and said: 'It doth not belong to thee, Ozias, to burn incense to the Lord, but to the priests, that is, to the sons of Aaron, who are consecrated for the ministry; go out of the sanctuary; do not despise; for this thing shall not be accounted to thy glory by the Lord God.'" (2 Paral. 26.) I am persuaded that St. Paul would have acted in a similar manner against these profane usurpers of the sacerdotal power in the Christian Church, and would have punished them with an anathema.

Various heresies have been remarkable, in different periods of Christianity, for the strange and inconsistent nature of their tenets. But of all the wild vagaries ever

imagined, this of declaring the king, a mere layman, and his heirs, whether women or children, to be the supreme authority on earth in all spiritual matters, is surely one of the wildest. The acme of this absurdity consists in declaring a queen to have that power which she is incapable of possessing according to the clear testimony of Scripture. Hence, we find nothing like this in the whole range of ecclesiastical history. Julian the Apostate made himself high priest in the pagan temples, and exercised jurisdiction over all the pagan priests in his dominions; but Julian can be no example for kings pretending to be Christians. Surely there is not a greater novelty under the sun than this trumpery church, which consists of laymen dubbed bishops and priests by kings and queens at their own will and pleasure! "A jest to the rest of the world!" Well might the witty Sydney Smith, dean of Paul's big meeting-house, in London, say of this anti-Christian establishment: "There is nothing like it in Europe, Asia, or America, not even in Timbuctoo." I am not surprised that these pseudo-bishops and priests—these puppets of kingly power—should so highly exalt their masters, and bestow upon them epithets grievously at variance with their true character.

"With all the tokens of a knave complete," King Henry VIII receives this fulsome eulogium from the Book of Homilies, composed by Cranmer and Jewel: "Honor be to God, who did put light in the heart of his *faithful and true minister*, of most famous memory, King Henry VIII, and gave him the knowledge of his word, and an earnest affection to seek his glory, and to put away all such superstitions and pharisaical sects, by Antichrist invented. and set up again the true Word of God, and glory of his blessed name, as he gave the

like spirit to the most noble and famous princes, Josaphat, Jusias, and Ezekias." (Third part of Serm. on Good Works.) And with respect to Edward, the son of Henry, "he generally seemed," says Sir John Hayward, "to be as Cardane reported of him, a *miracle of nature*." (Life of Edward VI, year 1546.) Lord Bacon speaks in these terms of Queen Elizabeth: "*Her step and mien displayed the goodness; her voice was more than human; her eyes shone with exquisite lustre; her color the purest white of ivory shaded with the brightest crimson of the Indies, and with neck of roseate hue; her robes hung in graceful folds upon the bosom; and a divine perfume was diffused from her ambrosial locks.*" (Discourse in praise of Queen Elizabeth.) How could good Protestants resist the temptation to place this beautiful and more than human head upon the *body* of their *new church*, notwithstanding the sneers of Dr. Heylin that "it seemed a thing abhorrent . . . a woman should be declared supreme head on earth of the Church of England?" (Hist. of Reform.) "Queen Elizabeth," says Dr. Hugh Campbell, "also took so great pleasure in flatteries beyond all reason, that it had been said to her expressly that there was no venturing at times to look full upon her, because her face shone like the sun;" and that all "the ladies of the court were constrained to use this language" toward her. Even the famous Sir Edward Coke, acting as her attorney-general at the trial of Essex, in 1601, said that he and his partisans "went rather into the city than to the court in regard to the lustre of the Divine Majesty that glistened so brightly in the Royal Majesty, and did so dazzle their eyes that they durst approach no nearer." (Camden Trans. Big. Campbell's case of Mary.) "James I was so accustomed to regard him-

self, and to be addressed by his flatterers as the Lord's anointed, the vicegerent of God upon earth, in fact a kind of deputed deity, that he was constantly tempted to accuse his subjects of blasphemy and irreligion when they presumed to oppose his will, or to call in question his lawless assumption of authority; at the same time, there was no form of impiety, from the light and irreverent mention of the sacred name in familiar speech to profane cursing and swearing, and to the blasphemous and audacious assumption of a kind of parity with the Supreme Being, by which the lips and mind of the prince himself was undefiled. . . . James was the first of England to whom the inappropriate title of *sacred* majesty was applied." (Mem. Court of James I.) Dr. Adam Littleton, in his dedicatory epistle to his Latin Dictionary, thus addresses Charles II: "Such is the clemency and goodness of your divinity, that your very holy and sacred Majesty will not despise this work by your domestic servant," etc.

I may now, I think, close my remarks upon this part of my subject. We have seen the nature of the new authority established in the new THING called a church; and we have heard the titles with which the heads of this thing were addressed by those who derived all action and jurisdiction from them. I will therefore proceed with my remarks upon the destruction of the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic faith.

Monasteries were all destroyed, and the poor-laws and barracks introduced to supply their place. The churches were all taken from the Catholic clergy, desecrated, despoiled, and committed to the profanation of the infamous apostates who embraced the new anti-Christian doctrines, proclaimed and murderously enforced by impious and immoral princes and councillors.



The dogmas and sacraments of Christ were either totally abolished or disintegrated and changed. But without enumerating any more of the peculiar features of the new religion, it will at present suffice to state, that the Holy Faith of England and of Christendom was declared by the Book of Homilies to be no better than damnable *idolatry*, and the severest penalties were enacted against all who adhered to it.

May I not say, without fear of contradiction, that the Catholic Church was destroyed in England as far as human power could destroy it? And with equal confidence I say that the establishment built on its site was a novelty, differing and adverse to the edifice founded on the Apostles. If any doubt still remain, the necessity under which the founders of the new institute were placed of adopting a new name will remove it. King Henry VIII is declared by Parliament the supreme head, not of the Catholic Church, but of the

Church of England. The new edifice, therefore, could not be designated by the name catholic, without declaring Henry VIII supreme head of the Catholic Church; consequently they were compelled to select a new name for their new structure. "The clergy," writes Blackstone, "of her persuasion . . . look up to the king as their head, to the Parliament as their lawgiver, and pride themselves in nothing more justly, than in being true members of this church, emphatically by *law* established." And this name stamps upon it the brand of novelty, and condemns it to a place amongst all human licentious and erroneous institutions. Did there ever spring forth into existence any heresy which could not be pointed out by a *certain name*, and in a certain place, and at a certain period?

Having completed the most difficult part of my labor, the putting in the foundation, I shall be able in my next letter to make greater progress.

---

## A PILGRIMAGE OF PLEASURE.

It is said that when all virtuous Americans shake off this mortal coil their spirits wing their flight to Paris. An exception should, however, be made in respect to the inhabitants of the Quaker City, for when good Philadelphians die they go to Fairmount Park.

It might be supposed that proximity to what so closely answers for the Elysian Fields of classic story would prevent the brotherly lovers from seeking for even a temporal paradise in climes beyond the sea, or that their staid and steady Quaker instincts would be

satisfied with a sojourn upon the banks of the romantic Schuylkill. Yet such is not the case, even though grim death is not so inexorable as to demand life as the guerdon of such a pleasure. This stern enemy of mankind, whose existence is coeval with the primal fall of humanity, softens periodically and for the nonce his visage and only demands that we die metaphorically of the lassitude and monotony of earth's labors, studies, griefs, and cares, aye even of its pleasures, in order that when sweet summer sends annually her rose-

tinted and perfumed invitation, we toiling children of men may from the noisy workshops of labor, or the dusky cabinets of study, spring to our feet and respond in the latest words of one of our own Philadelphia's sweetest poets :

I cannot feel the music,  
I cannot find the song,  
I cannot see the picture—  
These walls are over strong;  
Yet here in many pages  
Of many books lie dead  
The songs of other ages,  
The best that men have said.

But out there in the forest,  
Beside a little stream,  
I find the living fancies  
Of many a cloistered dream.  
Ah me! if after reaping  
Through all God's woods and fields,  
I only press for keeping  
The flowers that Nature yields.

Elastic with the invigorating inspiration even "we too in Arcadia," prompted by the impulse of humanity, which urges us to spurn the present good to seek in untried paths untasted pleasures, desert

That delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding mid sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
Where stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded,  
Where all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,  
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,  
As though they fain would appease the Dryades, whose haunts they molested.

But whither shall we go? In what fair lands, 'neath what healthier skies shall summer build our tabernacles? These are momentous questions to many whose brains are never burdened with heavier cares. Alas for those who durst not ask them, for whom nature's leafy refuges are, by the stern decree of fate, opened in vain! But whither shall we go when we can? We who have sported over and over again with the foaming beard of old Cape May; we who have listened to the sermon preached by that mighty orator of nature, Watkin's Glen, as standing within the spacious walls of "Glen Cathedral" we heard in spirit, from its lichen-draped pulpit, of the rock of ages cleft for man, while its choir of cascades sang of

the stream of life that flowed for us from that wounded side. We who have revelled mid the quaint architectural beauties, the scenic surroundings, and the resplendent glitter with which modern fashion has struggled with antique beauty in decking that loveliest of earth's cities, fair historic Newport. Who have rambled amid the mighty chasms and glorious plateaus of the venerable Alleghanies, or paid our tribute of tender awe where rainbow-crowned Niagara, wrapped in her flowing tissue of green and silver, sits in beauty, ancient yet ever new, the enthroned queen of the scenic kingdom. All these and many more that can no longer put forward the claim of novelty, we pass by unheeded, but far off in the north-eastern section of our country there are spots where beauty and freedom have vied with each other in seeking their chosen home. Poets have sung of them, artists have painted them, orators talked of them, history honored them, and even religion hallowed them. All our glorious land is full of them. But perhaps nowhere on the earth has nature been so lavish in the variety of her gifts as in that one little corner of our country encompassed by the States of New York and New England. Hither then we will go. The genii of history, poetry, religion, beauty, pleasure, and health shall be our goodly company, and we ask a gentle pardon if we intrude too long upon the patience of our friends, if we invite their attention while we in our little summer diary "paint the living fancies of many a cloistered dream," or

While, if after reaping,  
Through all God's woods and fields,  
We only press for keeping  
The flowers that Nature yields.

The steamboat winds out gracefully from her metropolitan dock. We have a long journey before us and by a gracefully connected water-route, rich with scenes of



marvellous beauty and interest, we are to thread our way from the metropolis of the United States to the sister metropolis of her Majesty's dominions in America. As we take our seat on the forward deck and our floating throne glides swanlike up the noble stream, the vagrant minstrels twang their harps and we feel like some wizard king of eld commanding the visions of scenic beauty to rise and fall in obeisance before us. Surely there is no river more wonderful than this, rising, as we shall hereafter see, a weak and puny stream among the mountain swamps, growing as it glides along into the gigantic river, frowning with grandeur as it breaks through the portals of the mountains, like Samson wrestling from their hinges the mighty gates of Gaza. Anon smiling out into broad, sunny bays, or soothing us with its graceful tranquillity, till it advances with one final and magnificent embrace to its parent ocean, that seems to welcome it all the more proudly for the struggles it has encountered in its coming. No wonder that its varying moods inspired our superstitious Dutch ancestors with many a romantic terror that smacks of the weird folklore of the Norse. No wonder that quaint old legends love to hang about its steepes as thick as the drooping ferns. No wonder that its marvellous grandeur wrung from even the compressed lips of its phlegmatic discoverer, as he sailed up in his mystic craft, the "Half Moon," the terse but expressive phrase, "See der." We sweep past the splendid establishments of the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Charity at Manhattanville and Yonkers. We laugh at the legends of Spuyten Duyvel and Sleepy Hollow, and we frown with the suggestively frowning river at the spots where Arnold consummated his treason. As we round the gorgeous sweep of "Point-no-Point," we

think how strikingly it reflects the character of some modern "philosopher's" arguments; they are broad in theory, fresh with the verdure of poetry, graceful in rounded sentiment, and apparently very full of acumen, but when one has swung the circle of their lordly phrasing they are found to have no point about them, and the silly man who has trusted in them finds himself deceived and laid up high and dry on the barren beach of sterile thought; just as poor Jans Peeks, ensnared by the false topography of yonder rocky curve, found himself swamped in Peekskill Bay. In "Anthony's Nose" and the Dunderberg we recognize old acquaintances; while rock-throned West Point from beneath her canopy of stars and stripes introduces us to her mighty north-posted sentinels, "old Cro' Nest," "The Storm King," and the mystic crew of the thunder-tossing Catskills. But now we are nearing the region of the traffic-loving and plodding burghers of Fort Orange, and very appropriately the lordly river smooths its brow, wrinkled with the terrors of dark and quaint old legends of the mountains, or rippling with the broad smiles with which genial Washington Irving has sought to chase away its superstitious inspirations from Tappan Zee and Haverstraw Bay. The river scenery now grows flat—flat as the keels of the old Dutch boats, and such phrases as the *Von Koorn patroonery*, *Stuyvesant manor*, the *castle of Rensselaerwick*, and similar titles, that mark the shore localities, indicate that we are approaching Albany. There it is yonder, yet nine miles distant, gracefully seated on the western hills. The spires of the stately cathedral and the broad and expansive front of "Kenwood," the novitiate of the order of the Sacred Heart, being the first objects that greet the eye. As we climb the streets of the

quaint old town, we do not fail to discover in the unornamented solidity of its buildings, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, that the smoke from the pipes of their Knickerbocker ancestors still impregnates the systems of the descendants.

But Catholicity with its genial presence steps forward to relieve, in the beauty of its temples and the sweetness of its influence, what is lacking to the sturdy "low Dutchism" and the New York "ringism" of the capital.

Yonder stands the graceful gothic Cathedral of St. Joseph, with its beautiful shrines and blazoned windows, each of the latter the gift of some church of the diocese. One shrine towers above all the rest in the grace of its exquisite and fragrant wealth of flowers and lights, that cluster round the sculptured form of Heaven's queen on this, "her festival of highest tide," the glorious Assumption. We gaze with lingering fondness. But hark, what is that music that breaks our spell? Floating down from the belfry come the delicate strains of the silvery chimes, and the burden of their softly stealing notes is that sweet, sweet hymn, old and familiar as a mother's voice :

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining  
Ave Maria, day is declining.

There is a brief pause in the music ; anon it floats again :

Ave Sanctissima! 'tis nightfall on the sea,  
Ora, Mater, Ora, we lift our souls to Thee.

Again silence reigns, her sway broken a second time by the gently rising tones of the organ, and the appropriate notes, to which our heart can so cordially respond,

Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,  
Pray for a wanderer; pray for me.

The solemn service of the festival is over, and we pay a brief visit to good Father Noethen, pastor of the Holy Cross Church, and creditor to the Catholics of the United

States for a large debt of gratitude they owe in return for his splendid translations of the Sermons of Dr. John Emmanuel Veith, preacher of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, the English collections being known as *The Instruments of the Passion* and *The Life Pictures of the Passion*. His cheery hospitality is but a prelude to the graceful courtesy of the good ladies of the Sacred Heart, which permits us to ramble through the noble glades of Kenwood, and to break the stillness of the annual spiritual retreat by visiting its lovely chapels, and holding brief converse with old friends among its community.

But now the scene must change by a wide descent from the charming to the ridiculous. The afternoon train from Albany has whirled us just at sunset among the Berkshire breezes, crispy and keen as those of an early autumn frost, which play so luxuriantly about the mountain plateau whereon rests the brave little town of Pittsfield, like a young romp of the mountains. We rove at sunrise through the fragrant arcades of Maplewood Hall. We glance with poetic reverence at the house where Longfellow wooed and won his wife, snatched from him later by so untimely and distressing a death, and in the spacious hall of which stood "the old clock on the stairs," immortalized by his pen, with its ceaseless song—"Never, Forever; Forever, Never." Then after a "huntsman's" mass in the splendid church of Pittsfield, give the rein to our restless gray, and dash at break-neck speed down the craggy slopes of Mount Lebanon towards the Shaker village.

How peacefully it rests in the "Sabbath" sunlight, neat, trim, and quiet as its inhabitants; solitary and still as the famous city of stones in the Arabian Nights, it lies on the heart of the glorious Berkshire Valley. Suddenly, in answer to



our loud halloos, a man and boy appear at an upper window, and direct us silently but with mysterious gesture towards the meeting-house. A short drive, a sharp turn of an angle in the road, and it lies before us surrounded by hundreds of vehicles which have set their occupants down at its doors. As we enter and take our place among five or six hundred other visitors, of all sexes, ranks, ages, and colors, we are greeted by the brothers and sisters in the vociferous and shrill *twang*, so peculiar to "meeting-houses," with the words, "Sound ye the trumpet! sound ye the trumpet!" During the process of sounding the trumpets in their throats, we inspect the costumes of the community, whose members range through the various ages from juvenility to senility. The garb of the males is of no particular hue or pattern, their only object seeming to be to make themselves look as ugly as possible, and their success is such that, what with their hair cropped close, or rather, to use the fashionable phrase, "banged" in front, and suffered to hang long and loose behind the ears, the variety and shabbiness of their pants and coats, and the cunning twinkle of the eye, we may fairly compare them to Falstaff's recruits. "No eye hath seen such scarecrows." The women, many of them quite prepossessing, display, on the contrary, a neatness and regularity which is a pleasant relief to the effect produced by the "brethren," while the exquisite style in which the dresses are made, and the artistic arrangement of the neckerchiefs would infatuate even a Parisian modiste. At the conclusion of the hymn, one of the elders steps forward and delivers an address, not to his Shaker congregation but to us "world's people," who comprise the audience. We shall say but little of it, save that it is a strange compound of blasphemy, indecency, humor, and

common sense. We have entered the place with the reverence we deemed due to sincere but misguided worshippers of God, but what with the shock to orthodoxy our religious sentiments are obliged to sustain, together with the infection of the sometimes giggling, sometimes roaring, audience, we can no more resist the choking mirth which holds our throats at what we feel by this time to be the outgivings of a people, some of whom at least we conceive to be hypocrites, any more than we can seriously think of joining these disciples of Ann Lee. Nor does the community itself seem to resent our hilarity, for while the brethren appear to be greatly amused at the jovial manner in which we accept the expounding of such doctrines as the sinfulness of marriage, the enormity of eating flesh-meat and drinking spirituous liquors, the necessity of the advancement of women's rights, the overthrow of Beecherism and similar theories calculated to hasten the millennium, we fancy we can detect the sly glances of the Shaker maidens twinkling beneath the dainty caps as they ogle at the dandies from Lenox and "the Springs."

After the sermon, dancing is in order. We must beg our readers here to let us forbear any description. We know of but one man whose genial and racy pen could do justice to the scene, as the long lines of skipping and tripping disciples of the religious Terpsichore wind around the spacious room into all sorts of curious circles and angles, and then evolve themselves with a dexterity that proves the training of a master mind in the geometry of "the light fantastic." How great a loss we have sustained in the absence of the venerable pastor and graphic humorist of Chestnut Hill, his hosts of friends and admirers who read the CATHOLIC RECORD may just faintly

guess. The preacher compliments us on our good behavior; admonishes us that this community is the largest of sixty scattered through the United States; that a monthly newspaper, entitled *The Shaker and Shakeress*, because it represents that duality of all things inculcated by Shaker theology, can be procured by mailing fifty cents to the P. O. address; and after a gentle intimation that "the world's people" are not permitted to visit stores and other objects of interest in the Shaker village on the "Sabbath," we retrace our route towards Lenox. Far different the scene that greets us here in this miniature Mecca of literature and fashion, sweet little village whose groves have for years nursed the inspiration of many a star in the literary world, and whose health-giving breezes have reinvigorated during the summer rest many a queen of the dramatic stage, but which now seems to be giving itself over entirely to the claims of a most refined and cultivated social circle. The drowsy summer afternoon is drawing to a close, as from yonder little frame chapel, whose neat but unostentatious exterior scarcely prepares us for the exquisite ornamentation as well as rich floral decorations of the sanctuary, come as we pause upon the threshold, wafted with the fragrance of the altar flowers, the familiar strains of the beautiful vespers psalm, "*A solis ortu usque ad occasum, laudabile nomen Domini.*"

The Catholic ladies and gentlemen visiting at Lenox have been very zealous in rearing and fitly adorning this temporary tabernacle for the Lord of Hosts, and the good pastor of the mission has determined to reward them by granting their request, that they be permitted to celebrate the Feast of our Glorious Mother's Assumption. So, on this Sunday within the octave he has transported his

curates, vestments and altar service, and even his picked choir of singers, such as few country missions can boast, to this little church, and the result has been a gala day of devotion. Soon the Sacramental God is enthroned upon the altar, the incense wreathes the humble sanctuary. The grand old *Tantum Ergo* reverberates through the air, and

With grace richly tender  
As sunset's splendor

the benediction from that invisible hand enriches our inmost souls. The stars are peeping forth from the firmament and the new moon is crowning the grand old hills as we drive homeward, but the beauty of Fanny Kemble's words, applied to the graveyard of Lenox, most aptly embalms our memories of the sweet old town: "I will not rise to trouble any one if they will but let me lie there. I will only ask to be permitted to once in awhile step forth and look out upon the glorious scene."

Stepping from the Boston and Albany cars to the palatial accommodation train of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, we find ourselves scarcely seated before we are whirling by the headwaters of the Hudson and the famous falls of the historic Mohawk into the classic town of Troy. On the auspicious occasion of our visit we find the Trojans engaged in introducing into their city not the famous "wooden horse," but an invention almost as mysterious, consisting of an immense furnace and boiler on wheels, surmounted by a stovepipe, which emits thick streams of smoke, and occasionally gives utterance to piercing shrieks, accompanied by a few discordant notes, which sound very much like the squeaking of a bagpipes, which terrific machine the surging and excited crowds greet with loud applause as "a steam-piano;" the steam is



very perceptible, the piano not so much so. The whole contrivance is being conducted around with all the tinsel pomp and glittering circumstance which usually accompanies "THE GREAT ORIENTAL CIRCUS." After viewing the startling spectacle we begin climbing the famous Ida, mountain of the gods, what time they came with all their celestial train on a picnic to America. Ida is now, however, devoted to the service of the once "unknown God" of the Athenians; for its principal structures are the imposing Theological Seminary of the province of New York, and the beautiful hospital of the Sisters of Charity, through the wards of which we are conducted by the Father Procurator of the seminary, and the chaplain of the hospital, who, from his elevated perch on the seminary towers, looks over a glorious expanse of varied landscape, throbbing with the pulsations of labor, and passes his leisure hours in tending his birds and pressing flowers. We cannot fail to notice the charm his kindly presence seems to throw over the monotony of the patients' sufferings as he leads us through the spacious wards, beautified by the tributes of love from the ladies of the "Flower Mission," and refreshed by the early morning breezes from the mountain groves. We would advise, however, any Catholic toiler up the well-paved slopes of Ida, not to enter the Church of the Holy Cross, which stands side by side with the two above-named establishments, nor to be misled by the statues of our Lady, crucifixes, and flower-wreathed "Madonna Dolorosas," which ornament the neat little pastoral residence, through the halls of which we have unsuspectingly entered this temple, sacred to the memory, not of Him whose naked cross adorns the chancel, but to the "late Mary Warren and her deceased husband."

A brief visit to one of the famous bell foundries, and we leave this town, which certainly bears the palm for thrift and elegant buildings, public and private, especially its new Academy of Music, from its more pretentious sister city just below on the other side of the river. As we roll on up the Hudson, we are chagrined that we receive no tones of welcome from that famous "little Irish bell of Cohoes," which we have tried to immortalize by our pen. Ungrateful piece of baked and moulded metal! Since you disregard our efforts to make your *brazen* boasting famous, we will now spread abroad your claim to the *infamous*. The brilliant pageantry of that queen of watering-places, Saratoga, however, soon dispels our wounded feelings, while after a free indulgence in its various cathartics, diuretics, hydrostatics, and gymnastics, we depart, feeling as full of *tics* as a blackberry-bush, an eight-day clock, or a needy man's pocketbook. Following the headwaters of the great North River to where it winds majestically, although broken by drift lumber, around the flourishing town of Fort Edward, famous in colonial story as the scene of the murder of the fair Jane McCrea, whose dust lies mouldering in its village graveyard, we roll along the sparkling river till it makes its leap at Glenn's Falls. Dismounting from the train we make a hasty run on foot, then with a leap that would do honor to a harlequin, we find ourselves on top of the "Concord coach and six." A merry party of no less than fifteen on our aerial perch. The driver cracks his long snakelike whip. We clatter through the charming town of Queensbury, down the old and famous plankroad. Happy plankroad! to how many joyous travellers has it been your privilege to give safe and easy conduct to regions where beauty has made her chosen haunt,

and when, some of these days, the iron horse shall have destroyed your pleasant mission, we will drop a tear of joyous gratitude to your venerable memory. The counter-running stages pass us. With many a huzza, and wave of gentlemen's hats and ladies' kerchiefs, we exchange pleasure's joyous benison; are pelted with a perfect shower of fresh-plucked pond lilies by the country children lying in wait on the roadside; then drink, in sparkling milk punches at the "Halfway House," a parting bumper to the outside world ere we enter the land of the beautiful. Yonder, on either side of the road, like two war-begrimed sentries, "William's Monument" and "Bloody Pond" admit us through the fairy portals. The shadows deepen, the mountains loom up around, the mist rises from the forest, a faint glimmer of blue waters glistens through the trees, a strange undefinable sensation, partly awe and partly pleasurable expectancy, steals softly as a dream over us. Are we trespassing on enchanted ground? 'Tis but a momentary feeling, and we recover our mental balance. Away in the distance looms up the white towers of the "Seelye House." An angle in the road is turned; we dash merrily down the mountain, wind across the valley shore, and with a peal of guns from the neighboring ruins, and a rapturous greeting from the palatial porticos of the "Fort William Henry," its guests welcome us to their goodly company. Soon then, after one brief glance, kindly night draws her sable curtains o'er the scene and bids leave to music and dance to seek repose ere we feast our souls on the unwonted banquet that nature with the morrow will spread before us. Softly the gentle ripples upon the shore lull us to repose, and our last ejaculation is not, "Now I lay me

down to sleep," but rather those beautiful lines of W. Cullen Bryant:

The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,  
In Ticonderoga's towers;  
But ere the sun rise twice again,  
Must they and the lake be ours.

Morning dawns. Our first impressions of the lake have not been up to our anticipations. We had deemed it less imposing and more secluded. Now, with the rising sun, we step forth. From the tower of the beautiful little Paulist Monastery, "St. Mary's of the Lake," comes musically floating three miles down the waters the eternal story of the Incarnation: "*Angelus Domini Nuntiavit Mariæ et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.*" Every sense of religion and poetry in our nature is awakened, and rises responsive to the tones of the novitiate bell. Then the mystic beauty of the scene begins to grow upon us. Caldwell, with its diminutive towers and the imposing front of its great hotel, add, if possible, to the picturesqueness of the scene, but not yet has it unfolded for us its special prerogatives of attractiveness. But when, from the deck of the "Minnehaha," we drink in the length and breadth of the glorious scene, we first begin to realize its transcendent and peculiar charms. Lake George possesses an individuality which is exclusively its own. We can neither regard nor describe it as an ordinary piece of natural scenery. Whether this be from any atmospheric influence we know not. Historical and religious associations it certainly possesses in a high degree, yet not more so than other favored spots whose influence is less perceptible; but be the cause what it may, it certainly throws a peculiarly potent spell over the beholder. It is not a feeling of exultant admiration, but rather a soothing sensation, a sacred feeling of reverential awe, such as the Catholic instinctively feels



when the transparent white host is elevated before him. The comparison may seem exaggerated, but is made in all due reverence; for we know of none more appropriate. All our fellow-passengers seem equally impressed, only they cannot comprehend what only the Catholic may express. Even the rough sailors of the boat seem to have their natures softened by the spell, and a tear of admiration glitters in the pilot's eye, as with one hand he grasps the tiller, and with the other points out the spots of interest on the lake. How discordant with the spirit of the scene seems all conversation among the passengers, while the hilarity of the parties camping out on the islands, or fishing in the transparent waters, aye, even the very disturbance of those placid waters by so material an invention as a steamboat, seems almost like irreverence to the lake's seraphic beauty. This strange sensation is demonstrable by the change in our feelings as we enter the Narrows. Here the scenery seems less supernatural. The groups of islands, ranging in size from three miles to three feet, the exceeding grace of their grove-covered heights, and the curiosity to know how we are to steer through them, has changed the current of our admiration. Somehow, even though inappropriately as we glide through them, will ring like notes of harpists through our thoughts, the beautiful boatmen's song of Tom Moore, associated in our earliest recollections with a small engraving of this very locality.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Utawa's tide, yon trembling moon  
Shall see us ride o'er thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,  
Grant us cool heavens and favoring air,  
Blow breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past,

The opening verses of the last stanza are prophetic of the climax of our own journey, but *Bolton* and its lovely chapel of *St. Sacrement* have faded from our vision, *Recluse Island* is past, and as we glide out by historic Sabbath-day Point, the Narrows and their clustering isles cease to elicit our admiration; the old rapturous sensation returns. Surely, though Como may boast of a deeper blue to its waters, it cannot equal this exquisite stream; even an Italian sky has not a charm equal to the effect which this soft veil of haze throws over what the guide-books so aptly term "this Holy Lake," like a screen of gauze over a form of beauty. But now "we are nearing the spot where once, when May flowers were blooming in the woods, came the martyr priest, the first white man known to have looked upon the silvery water, who named it *Lac St. Sacrement*."

The instinct of faith which induced gentle Isaac Jogues to call it *Lac St. Sacrement* must certainly have been an inspiration from heaven, just as the warlike name of the soldier saint, which the Briton's coarser nature prompted him to substitute, seems as inappropriate as the recollection that its placid bosom has been so often ruffled and its encircling hills resounded with deeds of blood and carnage. Even the untutored children of the forest caught more truly than the martial representative of British civilization the spirit of the stream when they named it "*Horicon, or the Silvery Waters*." But even Protestantism laments, as we do now, another misstep in its own false philosophy, by the change of nomenclature, so that even the bigoted Parkman has expressed the wish that its present name could at least be softened into that of him who first discovered it, the martyr Jesuit missionary JOGUES.

But yonder on the hills stand the

bold outlines of "old Fort Ti," with—beautiful emblems of its peaceful decay—the quiet sheep browsing among the ruins, and the violets and wild flowers clustering around its mountain steepes.

Our reverie of beauty is ended, but ere we bid farewell to the "Minnehaha" we can but from our inmost souls breathe forth the parting prayer. Beautiful Lake George, may guardian angels ever tread the framing circle of thy battlemented hills as the bearer of the flaming sword stood of old at the gates of Paradise, that God may see preserved unviolated for himself one spot of earth that reflects, inasmuch as earth can mirror, not merely the material beauty of the heavens, but even the unsullied brightness of His unseen presence.

As we sail up the broad avenue of waters lying between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains, some one remarks to a fellow-passenger, "You do not seem to appreciate the full grandeur of Lake Champlain." "No," is the reply; "Lake George has spoiled my taste for all other scenery." We rest for the night at where "the beautiful city of Burlington" may some day stand, for at present all that gives the metropolis of Vermont its right to such a title is its magnificent granite cathedral with its significant inscription over the door, "GOD WILL PROVIDE," and its superb and artistic windows. In the early gray of the morning we are guided by lanternlight down the precipitous docks, step on board another of the magnificent boats of the Lake Champlain Transportation Company, through a pelting rain and the chatter of numerous *habitans*, of which we comprehend but one significant word, *rien*, and soon are gliding past the noted Ausable chasm, the storied harbor of Plattsburgh, Isle la Motte, and Grand Island, to Rouse's Point. The remaining brief distance by

rail gives us a pleasant introduction to two fellow-travellers, one a somewhat fastidious Scotch gentleman who has been but one week in America, while the long clerical cloak and cassock alike proclaim the other a Canadian priest; a few minutes later and his card informs us that he is Père Le Sage, pastor of Stotsville, Canada, while his courteous endeavors to render pleasant and instructive our visit to the metropolis of Canada prove his countenance beaming with kindness to be but the index of his generous character. A few moments more and the August sun is driving the storm-clouds before him. We suddenly gaze from the car window and lo! the majestic St. Lawrence is pouring its mighty torrent before us, while yonder, with splendid quays crowded with shipping, with shining cupolas of countless institutions of charity for the alleviation of every imaginable human woe, with innumerable churches presenting a forest of glittering crosses, reposes against its royal mountain the grand old city of Montreal. The great white towers of Notre Dame lord it over the whole lordly scene, but—a flash and six minutes of time and two miles of distance through almost total darkness, break all further view, and tell us that we are rolling over one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering the world has yet seen—the Royal Victoria Bridge.

We are admonished that Montreal has been written to death by Catholic tourists. We shall therefore refer to it but briefly. It is probably the most solidly built city in America, almost all its buildings even the smaller private residences being of gray limestone, which, although it gives the city a grand appearance, causes it also to have, in many parts, a very dingy look, from the fact that the building material rapidly becomes discolored. The churches are grand in size and



architectural beauty, but much disfigured by tawdry and diminutive decorations. The *Gesú* or *Jesuits'* church seems to be the favorite, but not to our mind either the grandest or most chaste. There is at present no cathedral; the one in course of erection is known as "the Canadian St. Peter's," being a miniature model of St. Peter's at Rome. The churches, however, which please us most, are the two quaint old shrines of *Notre Dame de Pitié* and *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*. The former adjoins the strange-looking old convent whose sisterhood was established here with the foundation of the city. At the left-hand side of its sanctuary transept stands a small marble shaft with the simple but expressive inscription :

CI GIT MARGUERITE BOURGOYS.

*Notre Dame de Bon Secours* is a very old building overlooking the St. Lawrence River; over its steeple is an old statue of our Lady, said to be much venerated by the sailors. The inscription in large gilt letters over the door particularly attracts the stranger's notice.

Si L'amour de Marie en ton cœur est gravé  
En passant ne l'oublie a lui dire un ave.

Of which we venture the following translation :

If on thy heart our mother's love  
Be graven, be thou wary  
In passing by this sacred shrine  
To say an Ave Mary.

We are indeed far from home in this quaint foreign-looking Canadian city, yet we are as Catholics no strangers in Montreal, which presents us so many reminders of all that makes the brightest charm of home, a mother's—a heavenly mother's—love. Everything seems to speak of her. The great bell "*Gros Bourdon*" answers for the whole city. Its inscription reads as follows: *EX PIISIMO MERCATORUM AGRICOLORUM ARTIFICIUMQUE DONO. MARIANOPOLIS, MDCCCXLVII.*

Everything about Montreal is "royal" at least in name. Wherever

the Protestant portion of the inhabitants desire to place an inscription or fix a record in the Latin tongue, they have invariably dated it, *REGIA MONTANA*, Royal Mountain, while the Catholics just as persistently have it *MARIANOPOLIS*, Mary's city. The naming of the city seems to be the only subject on which the three great divisions of the inhabitants, English, Irish, and French, do not appear to agree. Some of these days perhaps we shall have more to say to the readers of the *CATHOLIC RECORD* about "*Ville Marie*," especially its most charming of shrines, *La Chapelle Nazareth*, not much seen by strangers, as it is not in the guide-books, but which rivals in beauty anything the city can boast. Now, however, space presses, and we can only say that Montreal bears very few evidences of poverty among its inhabitants, for its public buildings and residences are generally superb. The thousands of strangers, however, who throng the city, whether they be Catholics or Protestants, seem to rush for the churches before all things else, and give to Montreal the appearance of keeping a perpetual Holy Thursday. No stranger, however, should fail to visit the suburban village and shrine of *Côté des Neiges* (Snowside) so called, because the story of its foundation is identical with the legend of our Lady of the Snows at Rome.

But it is time to set our faces homeward. Softly as if on rails of velvet the "*Vermont Central*" bears us right down the valley between "*Camel's Hump*" and Mount Mansfield. These glorious Green Mountains are not green merely in name or color; they seem the quality of greenness itself, as they stand like shining masses of emerald while the glistening streams wind through them like veins of silver quartz. We must rest one night in the midst of these lovely hills, and Vermont's charming capital, Mont-

pelier, proves for us her hospitality. She shows us many things of note, not the least singular among them a Protestant church, its handsome walls blazoned with the "Romish" inscription: "*Thou art the Rock,*" etc., etc. And there, side by side with the elegant marble capitol, with Ethan Allen breathing marble defiance at its door as he stood of yore in the flesh at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, stands the Catholic church with its life-size statue of its patron, St. Augustine. Sunday week will be within the octave of his feast. How will it be celebrated? Here in the vestibule stands a large bell just arrived like ourselves from Troy. Its face proclaims its birthplace and pedigree. "*My name is Monica; I am the offering of grateful hearts, and will call down a blessing on them.*" A bystander informs us that the Son's feast will be celebrated by blessing and hanging this beautiful bell named in honor of his mother. Thence down through "loveliest vale of fairest stream that flows, willow-fringed Connecticut," to where fair old Northampton, "Queen City of the Meads," famous in Holland's songs and "Norwood's" story, sits veiled with elms and rules that glorious valley, which Jenny Lind so aptly styled "the Paradise of America." Quietly she prepares us for an introduction to all her sister towns that stud the valley. Elegant Amherst, with her splendid colleges, breathing only of study and refinement. Old Hadley, with her two elm-arched streets, that would make some of our "boards of surveys" and "highway commissioners" ache with envy, or as our cockney driver expresses it, "Hauld 'Adley 'as the 'andsomest hand stroightest havenues hof hany 'amlet hin Hamerica." Quaintly she sits on the famous "Oxbow," "where the Connecticut runs seven miles to gain but one." Surely she is a study for the historical

student, as wrapt in the veil of mystic silence, she seems to feel the spirit of the ancient regicides, Goffe and Whalley, still hanging over her superb but deserted avenues. Thence we ride up the now sadly famous Mill River Valley to view with painful regard the unimaginable destruction of life and property caused by the bursting Williamsburgh reservoir. Thence through the other neighboring towns, rich with colleges and factories, for just here study has found a favorite resting-place, while thrift has made of the falls of the Connecticut at Holyoke City, the greatest water power of the country. But ere we seek more southern skies, old Mount Holyoke, with his solitary beacon twinkling like a diamond on his brow, has summoned us up its thousand feet of perpendicularity to see the view he gives us of the Connecticut Valley, one of the most glorious sights in America, for he, with Mount Tom and Nonatuck, "Mountain of the blest," hold triune sway over one hundred and fifty miles of an amphitheatre, encircled with hills, tessellated with fields of vari-colored grains like geometrically arranged mosaics and alive with hundreds of villages and towns. Now fair and blithesome Springfield from her tier of hills displays her beautiful specimens of Venetian and Swiss architecture, her spacious cathedral, her arsenal, where—

From floor to ceiling  
Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms.

And never did poet make better metaphor. While impressing those other organs of our digestion, the viands of the renowned "Massasoit House" sit with artistic grace at the keyboard of our palate. And last but not least, beautiful Hartford displays her grand churches, and palatial insurance offices, and unlocks for us her treasure-house of historical relics; shows us her famous charter and the remains of

"the oak;" permits us to look into that renowned chest that "came over in the Mayflower;" lets us gently feel the weight of King Philip's war club over our pates; and last but not least, among other curiosities too numerous to mention, permits us to listen to the wisdom of a modern philosophic historian of the *subversive order*, who is prepared to prove, at least to his own satisfaction if not to that of those who choose to hear him, that *Captain Wadsworth never did hide the charter in the oak*. This specimen of doubting humanity can be seen free of charge by any visitor at the State-house, and will benignly commiserate any silly traveller who is so regardless of the *truths* of history as to pass *him* by unnoticed.

But on we go. After a brief visit to quiet, quaint, and classical New Haven, our iron horse runs us in the circle of our tour back to New York. A night's rest at the palatial "Windsor," which might be more aptly styled the "Versailles," and we take up our route for "home, sweet home," with the consciousness that all the historical reminiscences of our hasty trip have made us return to "the birth-place of liberty" *feeling thoroughly centennial*.

But we have not yet had the last of our "sweet surprises," for mid the early worry and bustle of the business heart of the great metropolis the chimes of old Trinity greet us as we pass with the gracious tones of their morning psalm. Instinctively we pause to listen. How appropriately at such an hour and in such a place come flowing down the well-known strains:

Praise ye the Lord; Alleluia!  
Alleluia, praise ye the Lord!

Through our ears they ring and memory bids the echo pursue us down the bay even to where the twin towers of Neversink keep guard over sea-girt Long Branch, beautiful as a bride decked for her wedding.

We have not been able in our brief space to speak in detail of the "characters" one always meets in travelling, nor of many things which would interest the general reader. We have sought only to give briefly a few impressions, and such as would be chiefly interesting to Catholic readers. Yet even here we have failed, for the progress of our holy religion, especially in "Puritan" New England, far outstrips the power of pen in descriptive pace. The small city of Hartford alone boasts of two Catholic churches of the finest order. We quote them merely for example, for all through New England many of the temples of the living God are fit to be cathedrals. In the matter of education, New England seems to have more secular colleges for both sexes than her population could supply students, yet the Catholics everywhere keep rank with the best Protestant institutions. In the little manufacturing towns of Chicopee and Holyoke we found the schools of the Sisters of Notre Dame to be splendid in appearance and as popular among the people as could be desired. But it is time to close. The shadows deepen, the flames from the great log-fire are struggling with the hues of the early October sunset, and we lay aside our little diary, for autumn in illuminated letters has written FINIS to the golden-text volume of the summer.



## A VESPER HYMN.

THE hours of light are faded,  
Dark fall night's shadows now—  
O Jesu! we at thy dear feet  
In Vesper worship low!  
Around thine Altar gathered,  
Thy holy name invoke;  
While incense slowly burning,  
Rolls high its odorous smoke.

Thou thro' the day hast kept us  
From every harm and snare;  
Saved by thy hand, O Saviour!  
Watched by thy loving care,  
Protected from all danger  
By Thine Almighty power,  
We meet again to thank Thee  
At twilight's shadowed hour.

In holy chant uniting,  
All now on bended knee;  
Glad homage do we render,  
O holy One! to Thee:  
Thee do we laud and worship  
With thankful hearts sincere—  
From Thy great lofty dwelling,  
O Son of Mary, hear!

Still tender watch, O Jesu!  
Above Thy children keep;  
Through the still silent darkness,  
While close our eyes in sleep!  
O may no ill betide us  
Thro' hours of coming night;  
By Thy hand still protect us  
Safe till the morning light!

And when, O Christ, most holy!  
Life's fleeting hours shall fade,  
And on our spirits darkening,  
Shall fall death's lonesome shade—  
O then, be Thou, dear Saviour,  
Our hope and refuge sure;  
And to that blest land lead us,  
Where night shall come no more!

PROF. TYNDALL'S ADDRESS.

OCCASIONALLY it happens that the staid world of science is astonished at the dogmatic high-handedness with which some of its representative men dispose of questions, which are usually approached with extreme caution and treated with a peculiar reverence as being the dim points of demarkation, where what is positive in the physical world begins to melt into the mysterious and unknown. The deductions and inferences of science are generally so plain, so tangible and fixed, that the scientist, once firmly placed in the pathway of progress, walks steadily on, in no fear or danger of confusing or confounding either himself or others, so long as he is content to abide by the laws with which prudence and his own reason would regulate his steps. But it has long been evident, that in the world of science, as well as that of sentiment, there are fanatics, and the philosophical acrobat is as much to be pitied as his neighbor who runs to the other extreme. Diogenes in his tub, with his pride and absolutism alone to bear him company, is quite as sad a sight as a dervish in the desert wrapped in his own sombre thoughts. There may be, and seems to be, a spirit of earnestness in the latter, while no motive more exalted than egotism can be attributed to the former. Sometimes the vagaries of the leaders of science appear little less than ludicrous to the staid minds of the masses. Witness the efforts of Darwin to prove that the original progenitors of man were little better than the figurative worm of Holy Writ; and of Bishop Berkeley, who, with characteristic consistency, spent a lifetime in endeavoring to show that the creatures he

professed to lead to eternal salvation had no existence save in his own fancy, and consequently could stand in no need of his ministry. Extremists are always aggressive, equally so whether led on by passion, sentiment or reason. When passion gets beyond its due bounds it makes man a reprobate, to be restrained and punished by his fellows. When sentiment is permitted to dominate unduly, it produces what men usually designate a simpleton or fool. Reason, too, when pushed beyond its sphere, and urged to the contemplation of secrets which it cannot fathom, generates a creature of its own, a skeptic, who always doubts, and generally despises all theories and opinions but his own.

Reason overstrained is as deceptive and dangerous as either passion or sentiment. The power which urges it on gives it no rest, forces it to guess and surmise instead of drawing legitimate conclusions from sound premises, and is necessarily from its position ready to receive the spurious article for the genuine one.

The latest and one of the saddest instances of reason run aground is furnished by Professor Tyndall's address before the British Association for the Promotion of Science.

Professor Tyndall has for years and deservedly held a high position among scientists. A man of powerful mind and untiring energy, he has steadily advanced in learning and reputation till he has become the leader of an association which numbers among its members some of the greatest thinkers of the age. As president, he at a recent meeting in Belfast, delivered the opening address, and surprised the world by enun-

ciating principles and avowing convictions which proclaim him an undoubted materialist.

The address itself is a masterpiece of composition, well-calculated to charm and attract the thousands of weaker intellects who are ever ready to receive reverently and blindly whatever dogma of science such a leader as he may be pleased to proclaim.

The address, however, upon careful reading proves to be little more than the author's private inferences, deduced from the conclusions of philosophers whose systems all differ widely from each other and are sometimes diametrically opposed; yet Tyndall is adroit enough to arrive at the same goal, no matter which leader he follows. This looks at least suspicious; for it evinces a predetermination to fit the material to a given end. This the Professor does by a vigorous use of the axe and saw of the sophists. His address is a display of brilliant rhetoric. It does not show forth the cool, straight, cautious march of facts and logical deductions with which a subject so momentous and sacred should be approached. Divested of its superabundant technicalities, it is simply a deliberate attempt to do away with the necessity of the Being whom Christians know and reverence as God by attributing to atoms, too small even for microscopic observation, powers of self-amelioration, which we look for in vain among the more perfect individual forms of matter. Having traced the order of being downward to a point far beyond and below the limit of ascertainable sensitive existence, he supposes gratis with Huxley the existence of what the latter vaguely terms "sensegenous molecules," and on the frail basis afforded by this supposition, builds his astounding ultimatum which he enunciates in the following words:

"Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our *professed* reverence for its creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

Here then is his creed, and it strikes us that the faith of the Christian, as defined by the apostle, can be accepted with a far slighter effort of the will than that blind belief in the unbounded power of molecules, which, according to the Professor's own admission, lies "beyond the boundary of experimental evidence."

In Tyndall's faith, the "evidence of things not seen," is very scant indeed, and the heart shrinks from it in horror, when it finds it utterly devoid of the "*substance of things hoped for*," the beautiful and consoling completion of the Christian's faith.

As is usual in such cases, the Professor puts in a plaintive plea for peace, he desires religion and sentiment to let science alone, apparently forgetful that he is trying to hew away the keystone of the arch on which both have rested since the creation of man. He recognizes in his ideal atom the potency of every form of life, and yet strangely enough he would silence the voice and hush the pleadings of the noblest offspring of his atom, that something within man—to use expressions as nearly like his own as possible—which makes him yearn for the presence of a Being and the enjoyment of an existence which Tyndall's molecules with all their potency cannot promise. His system would have us cut loose from the anchor of hope, which alone saves morality from shipwreck, and enables man



to look not backward across the boundary, and downward from a reasoning creature with an immortal soul to an atom, simply material, but forward and upward to a God whose majesty claims our homage, and who has power to reward or punish us according as we may deserve.

The creation, as narrated by the inspired writer of holy writ, is of course directly opposed to the Professor's theories, hence he denies its truth and consequently its Divine origin; but with Genesis the prophets fall, and with the prophets the law and the gospel, so that we must look to Mr. Tyndall and his atoms for something to replace them. What a gloomy spectacle this modern evangelizer presents when contrasted with Him who preached and taught in Galilee. The lowly Nazarene tells a story as probable at least as Mr. Tyndall's; He has words of cheer for the struggling wayfarer, He offers consolation to the downcast, He comforts the afflicted and promises a reward which surpasseth the understanding of man to those who endeavor to live in accordance with a code of laws which are indispensably necessary to the existence of society. But what can the other promise? Absolutely nothing. Man must toil on, and suffer and mourn with nothing but a dark, interminable sleep to look forward to; poor recompense indeed for a life of manly virtue. When the heart aches and the galled shoulder would refuse to bear its heavy burden longer, what does he offer in place of the sweet words spoken on the mountain? Can he send an angel of mercy to cheer the tired toiler on? He is not much given to moralizing, but his doctrine is plainly that of the masters in whose footprints he follows. He kindly gives us the initial sentence of the gospel of the materialist. "*A hint of Hamlet's, however, teaches us all how*

*the troubles of common life may be ended.*"

The disciple only preaches what the master practiced, for Lucretius availed himself of the "hint of Hamlet's," and with admirable consistency put an end to his own life at the age of forty-four.

The great question as to the power which originated matter, Mr. Tyndall confesses he cannot answer. He sees its garments waving in the universe, but at the hem of the garment the range of his vision terminates. He says: "As little in our day as in the days of Job can man, by searching, find this power out." And yet it strikes us, that Job's ideas of this power were by no means as indefinite as the Professor would have us think; witness Job's own language, chap. 42 : 2, 4, 5 :

"I know that thou canst do all things, and no thought is hid from thee."

"With the hearing of the ear I have heard thee, but now my eye seeth thee."

"Therefore I reprehend myself, and do penance in dust and ashes."

Job has a definite idea of the Creator, Tyndall has none whatever; he substitutes for the God of whom Job speaks, a vague something whose powers and attributes he can neither define nor describe. He is content to conceive in this something the simple power of bringing his wonderful molecules into being. His doctrine is certainly not an inviting one, and until men are constituted differently, till their inward longings and affections are stifled, till good and evil harmonize far better than they do, he will have little difficulty in numbering his followers.

This leap across the chasm which Tyndall has made, is nothing new. Epicurus and his followers, Lucretius among them, taught him the way, and if the verdict of the civilized world, reiterated during many

centuries, is to be believed, we may safely assert that the Professor's change of base has not placed him in the most respectable company.

He has declared himself a materialist, an atheist—that is his own concern, but the thought comes to us, that the molecules to which he owes his existence and identity must have imbued him with a slight surplus of vanity, for he must needs

make his exit and bid us adieu with a grand flourish of trumpets; he must in true theatrical style proclaim his convictions and make his bow before the assembled wisdom of Great Britain and Ireland. His modesty, at least, will not be likely to interfere with any molecular developments which may be going on in his organism.

## AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

BY AN OLD FOGY.

THE little girl was too charming to be resisted. In vain I called to my aid all the gravity and soberness that beseeemed my age. In vain I held up myself to myself as a person already within the verge of old fogydome. In vain I propounded and solved elaborate arithmetical problems as to the variable proportions which sixteen would assume to forty at advanced stages of life. I know that last sentence is not correctly expressed, but let it pass. Thus stood the case: Charlotte was sixteen and I forty, and I, more than double Lotty's age—almost old enough to be her respectable papa—I found myself irretrievably enslaved by that young person, and trotting captive at her chariot-wheels—or, more properly, the wheels of her infantine go-cart. I had nursed Lotty, she had ridden a cock-horse upon my knee. I had kissed her moist lips when kissing was a ceremony performed rather for the sake of politeness to mamma than for any pleasantness in itself. I had made Lotty ill with surreptitious sugar-plums; I had presented her with Christmas-boxes of the most astonishing toys; I had assisted in the instilling of the alphabet into her youthful mind

by means of highly-colored pictures, in a painful state of alliteration; I had begged Lotty out of the corner, where she stood obstinate, finger in mouth, and with a general humidity of countenance. I had thought Lotty a dirty child when I saw her paddling with her little fat hands in a puddle, or with traces of lollipops about her innocent mouth. I had execrated Lotty as a nuisance and a bore when she *would* poke her pug nose into my flirtation with Miss Mirables. And at last, it had come to this! We had changed places. I was the child now, and Miss Lotty was mistress over me, and she knew it. She threw me a sugar-plum when she so pleased; she taught me a letter of some sweet sibillating alphabet when she had nothing better to do; she patronized me, and began to take an interest in my temper and morals; she petted me when she lacked amusement, and when she was otherwise engaged gave me to understand in the plainest manner that I was a consummate bore, and an unmitigated nuisance—that I was.

Miss Lotty knew all about it. In vain I tried to treat her as a child. She laughed in my face at the

transparent absurdity of the pretence. In vain I affected indifference. She exacted attention, and would not be snubbed. She flirted with small boys for the express purpose of vexing me, and knew that I was vexed, and I knew that she knew it.

In what manner, or at what precise time she left off being a child and began to be a woman, I do not know. She passed out of the nursery by no sensible transition and took to her Missdom quite naturally. Juliet of the house of Capulet, brought out by her provident mother at the age of fourteen, did not assume her new honors with a more perfect coolness.

This, then, was the state of the case. I, who had overlived all my youthful heart-weaknesses, who prided myself on being safe henceforth from the subtlest fascinations of the female sex, fell into captivity at the hands of a little girl just out of the nursery. Having struggled in vain, I succumbed, and began to think seriously whether sixteen and forty were, after all, such incompatible ages. It was not quite a case of January and May. If I had been sixty, and a lord, there would have been nothing unusual in the notion. If I had been a widower, and possessed of a daughter a little older than Lotty, the match would have been perfectly *en règle*. The difference was on the right side. It was not as bad as if I had married my first love, who was forty when I was sixteen.

Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

So I ceased to compare myself with the small boys with whom Lotty flirted, I turned a blind eye on the budding obesity of my figure, and began to consider the matter as an accomplished fact.

Miss Lotty had an aunt—a very respectable person—of mature age. Miss Simms was the name of this

lady, and Miss Simms and I had always been great friends. She was a gushing person, strongly sympathetic, and given to the study of the minor poets of the last generation. We had often exchanged sympathies, had often discoursed together on the affections after a diluted Platonic manner, and she was accustomed to apply to me for explanations of namby-pamby passages of her favorite poets.

Miss Simms occupied that place in the family which maiden aunts so often fill. To make things generally pleasant, to be a general go-between, the friend of everybody, the deliverer of messages, the arranger of the delicate amenities of social life—such was Miss Simms's mission.

Her age was certainly verging towards fifty. She was well-preserved; had expressive eyes, hair scrupulously neat, but very thin, white, angular hands, a sweet, faint smile, and a purring sort of voice.

I respected Miss Simms immensely, I had a great friendship for her. The idea struck me that I would make her my confidante with regard to Lotty. She was the very person for a confidante. I could not, for the life of me, have broken the subject to papa or mamma. Lotty was a child to them still, and I felt that it would scarcely have seemed more ridiculous to them for me to confess a tender passion for the infant in long clothes than to hint the state of my heart towards Lotty. I had determined to make some move, and the aunt appeared to me the very medium through whom to make it. The familiar friend of Lotty, to whom that little maiden confessed all her innocent secrets—the companion and fellow-counsellor of Lotty's parents—this aunt was just the confidante I wanted.

But, beyond this, I felt sure that the state of the case had not altogether escaped the sympathetic



penetration of Miss Simms. That faint smile of hers, that wistful look in her fine eyes, a playful shake of the head sometimes, the pressure of a kind hand—these signs had not been lost upon me. Often, when my eyes had been following against their will the graceful buoyant figure of Lotty, recalled, they would meet the eyes of Miss Simms; and as I smiled and half-blushed at being thus caught, Miss Simms would smile and half-blush likewise. Often, when I had been leaning over Lotty at her book, admiring the downward contour of the soft cheek, or the luxuriance of the glossy hair, lifting my eyes, they would again meet Miss Simms's eyes, and Miss Simms would turn her head away with an expression of countenance which spoke volumes. Once, when I was shaking Miss Simms's hand on departure, I could not restrain myself from whispering "Qu'elle est charmante?" Why I spoke in French I cannot tell. Miss Simms's knowledge of that language was imperfect, while Lotty's exceeded my own—so that it could not have been an aside from Lotty. But such French sentences are generally spoken without there being any satisfactory reason why they should not be uttered in English. However, to my exclamation, Miss Simms had rejoined, "Hush!" with an upraised bony finger, and an arch smile.

In breaking the matter to Lotty's aunt, then, I did not anticipate very much difficulty. She certainly had observed my admiration of her niece; and even had it been otherwise, the ready sympathy of this kind, estimable woman would have interpreted my meaning from a word or look.

I chose my time. I was copying some music for Lotty. Lotty and her mamma were going forth on the business of card-leaving.

As I took them down to the carriage, Lotty said:

"You *will* finish my music?" and she made the prettiest beseeching *moue*, and lifted up her face, just as when a child she had lifted it up to be kissed. "We will soon be back, and you can stay to dinner. You *must* stay to dinner. The evenings are so dull and stupid, and then you can sing that duet with me. Now, go back and finish the music. You and Aunt Sarah can talk poetry, you know, till I come back."

Yes, Miss Lotty, I had that very intention of talking poetry with Aunt Sarah—the sweetest poetry in the world—yourself the theme.

Returned to Miss Simms and the music-copying, I made a crotchet—"Miss Simms," I said—then two semiquavers and a rest, then three blank bars—

"Miss Simms," I said, "I hope you will not see anything absurd in what I am about to—to lay before you—" *crescendo*, written in neat italics.

"My heart—"

"Dear me!" cried Miss Simms.

"My heart, my *dear* Miss Simms, may be of a soft and foolish texture—yes, texture." (I had screwed myself up to the mark, and chose my language with deliberation.) "It may be soft, I say, but upon my soul, I do not think it is. I think no man, the most insensate, could have seen daily, as I have seen, this sweet girl" (*con molto spirito*) "and have resisted her attractions. It does not lie within the power of human nature to resist them."

I was silent for a few minutes, and steadily continued my copying. I had determined to discuss the subject in the calmest and most reasonable manner. I confess the dots were scarcely circular, and the strokes scarcely straight, but I completed a most prodigious series

of running notes *ad libitum* before I recommenced. I dared not look at Miss Simms.

"That there is disparity in age I cannot deny. Some people would call it a great disparity—"

"Sir!" cried Miss Simms, with some warmth.

"Yes, my dear madam, I am not surprised at that tone. But I feel that I must bring this into prominence, and consider it judicially. I am not a young man. I cannot hide it from myself, even if I would—I am no longer young. Perhaps I have an appearance of age, a gravity, beyond my actual years. I entreat you not to forget that point—it is a point that we must fully grasp—and I wish to impress it on your mind that I have thoroughly weighed this, and thrown every possible argument into the scale that opposes me. This is but just."

"I think enough has been said on that part of the subject," Miss Simms interrupted me. "You lay too much stress on this point, and must be laboring, I think, under some strange misconception. After all, what does age matter—a few months more or less. It is the heart, my dear sir, the heart; the sympathy of affections, the reciprocity of ideas, the congeniality of sentiments—"

"It is like you to say so," I exclaimed. "I appreciate your kindness. We are old friends, Miss Simms—"

"Friends of long standing," Miss Simms agreed, correctively.

"Friends of long standing. I knew that you would understand me. I felt that you were the best person, the only person, to whom I could first break this delicate subject. I knew that you would meet me half-way."

"Oh! do not say that," sighed Lotty's aunt.

"You have seen the truth for some time," I went on. "In your

eyes, in your smiles, I have read that you had discovered my secret. Woman's insight, the sympathy of a gentle nature—who can disguise such secrets from these? And now, be frank with me. I come to you in my perplexity. Do not pretend to misunderstand me. My tongue is timid. Help me—advise me!"

"Maidenly propriety!" she said, in a low tone.

"Exactly so. Your good sense and instinctive feeling of what is right prompt those words. I anticipated this. But, my dear Miss Simms, I do not wish to make you a conspirator with me. There shall be no secrets. I ask you to confess none to me. All I ask is that, as a friend, you will tell me whether there is any chance for me. You are everybody's friend—do not deprive me alone of your help."

"Really, I do not know what to say," Miss Simms whispered, in a voice greatly agitated.

I had all along persevered in my music-copying. I knew that I was making the most astounding blunders, but that was of little consequence. If I left off this accompaniment I felt that my voice would break down, too.

"My dear Miss Simms," I went on, "I know that your present hesitation proceeds from the best of motives. Do not think I am flattering you, when I say that to your influence I attribute much of the exquisite purity of your charming niece."

This was not quite true, but I saw that a compliment would be well-timed.

"She is a good child," said Miss Simms.

"I see," I continued, "in your present hesitation, precisely that delicacy of decorum which has guarded so constantly the opening leaves of that sweet flower. Ah! what a delightful occupation! To

a heart so sensitive as yours, what a labor of love! To watch the birth of new beauties and virtues from day to day—to tend, to foster—to—to—in short—to find, as it were, your own sensibilities reproduced and springing up—like—like objective personifications under your incubative cares.” I was pleased with the sentence, and paused in order that the words might take due effect upon her.

“I, too,” I went on, “have not been blind to this gradual change, to those unfolding beauties. We are old friends, we have known each other many years. You can forgive—nay, you will sympathize with the warmth of my expressions. This gradual growth of love—what a mystery it is! ‘He never loved that loved not at first sight,’ says the poet. What a libel upon human nature, worthy of the gross lips that uttered it! True love is always gradual. The first indifference bourgeons into liking, flowers into friendship, fruits into love. We know not where indifference ends and love begins. Ah! my dear Miss Simms, etc.”

This sort of thing may be continued *ad libitum*, through as many pages as my reader pleases. In the heat of my oratory I flung aside my pen, and strode to the fireplace by which Miss Simms was sitting. My oratory must have been moving. Miss Simms was in tears when I next came to a pause.

She lifted her tearful eyes for a moment to mine, as I stood upon the hearth-rug close by her side.

“Oh, spare me!” she said. “This tumult of feelings—so painful and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing” (she giggled, hysterically). “Leave me alone now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come.”

“You *had* discovered my secret,

then,” I said. “I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?”

“I could not be blind,” she said. “Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?”

“Ah!” I exclaimed. “And there is hope for me?”

“What can I say? Do not press me.”

“I entreat you. Say, at least, there is not despair.”

“No, do not despair,” she said. “I do not wish that.”

We were silent for a minute or so. Miss Simms spoke first.

“You will speak to my brother!” she said, covering her face with her hand.

“Certainly. That is my intention, if you tell me I may do so. Do you think I may?”

Miss Simms looked at me between the fingers of the hand that covered her face.

“Yes,” she said. “I *think* you may.”

I deliberated.

“My dear Miss Simms,” I said, “I can never sufficiently repay the kindness—the sympathy, the great sympathy—you have shown to me, to-day. I am going to take advantage of this sympathy—”

“*Sir!*” cried Miss Simms.

“Yes; gratitude consists mostly in taking advantage of the people who are kind to you. I am going to ask a still greater favor of you. Will you break this matter to your brother? Will you hint my feelings to Lotty?”

“I see no occasion for that! Why to Lotty!”

“Well; I respect your prudence. No doubt you are right. To your brother, then?”

“Had not *you* better do that. It is so very awkward.”

“My dear Miss Simms, oblige me in this. I shall be eternally indebted to you.”

Miss Simms gave me her angular white hand. She looked up into



my face with an expression of most intense sympathy. "I will do anything you tell me, *Henry*," she said—"May I call you *Henry*?"

"I consider it a most tender mark of your sympathy," I replied. I really thought her calling me by my Christian name, which she had never done before, a touching proof of her kind friendship.

"And now," I said, "I had better go. I am not inclined to see any one in the present state of my feelings. When I next see you, Miss Simms, I hope to be received in this house on another—a closer and more intimate footing. I think we fully understand each other?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Adieu! God bless you!"

\* \* \* \* \*

My readers, I have no doubt, see clearly the fix I had got myself into. Will they believe me when I say that I had no notion of it myself! A preoccupied man assimilates every word that is spoken to the subject of his own preoccupation. When he enters into tender confidence, he speaks in ambiguously bashful hints, not in that precise language wherewith he would draw up his will.

I left the house with a feeling of the greatest satisfaction. The first move had been made, and made, I could not but flatter myself, with consummate address, and with a success equal to my highest hopes. This good, kind aunt of Lotty's, I was deeply grateful to her, and determined that I would make her a handsome present on my wedding.

Everything went well.

The next morning I received a letter from Lotty's papa.

"I *can* have no objection, if you have none," he wrote. "I consent gladly to receive your visits at my house on the footing you desire. Come and dine with us at six, and we will talk it over."

Miss Simms, how could I feel sufficiently grateful to you! Every

difficulty was cleared at once from my path. I saw now how foolish had been my self-depreciatory doubts on the subject of age. My budding obesity no longer gave me a pang. Did *Ophelia* find *Hamlet* the less attractive for his fatness?

And Lotty—what did Lotty think of all this? How would she meet me under these new relations? I painted for myself the most delightful picture. The sweet bashfulness, the maiden coyness, the blushes of the charming face, the beatings of the pure little heart, the downcast eyes, the trembling lips. Ah, me!—away with such remembrances!

I confess I was slightly nervous as I knocked at the Simms's door. There was a smile on the flunkey's face and an alacrity in his manner as he let me in. I saw that he knew all about it. What can we hide from these omniscient flunkeys?

Miss Simms happened to be upon the stairs.

"How can I thank you?" I said, grasping her hand with the warmth of friendship. The flunkey had disappeared.

"Oh, *Henry*!" Miss Simms gasped.

Her feelings were too much for her. What a good heart this woman had to be so moved by the happiness of others. She clung to my hand, to my arm, to my shoulder for support. She raised her eyes to mine, her face to mine—her lips; by Jove, I thought for a moment the good creature was going to kiss me. Her attitude was the very attitude of *Helena* lifting beseeching lips to *Bertram*. "What would you have?" quoth he. She answers:

Something, and scarce so much: nothing, indeed. I would not tell you what I would, my lord—  
'faith, yes;—  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not *kiss*.

But I did gently sunder myself from the weight of Miss Simms without any osculation.

"And how is—is—is *she*?" I

said. "She is not unfavorable, I hope, towards my suit?"

"*She* is only too much blessed!" Miss Simms replied, with a smile, in which archness blended with sympathy. "Can you doubt it for a moment?"

At last I managed to reach the drawing-room door. Miss Simms would have me enter without her, for what reason I could not understand, but she professed to be too bashful, and said:

"It would look so odd for us to enter together."

I was certainly very nervous. It cannot be expected that I should now relate accurately all that was said to me, and all that I said in return, when at the time itself I had no very clear notion of that same.

I stammered some sort of vague thanks and gratitude to Lotty's papa; and he said something about congratulating me in return, and then by mutual consent we suffered the conversation to turn on indifferent subjects. Lotty's mamma helped me out of the difficulties of conversation as only a woman's fluent tongue can.

Lotty was not in the room.

Soon Miss Simms entered; and afterwards Lotty.

The expression of Lotty's face surprised me—and her manner still more. There was an angry flush upon her cheeks, a flashing fire in her eyes, an obstinate firmness about her red lips—very different from the signs I had expected to read upon that fair face. When I shook hands with her, she just gave me the tips of her fingers for the fraction of a moment, and pulled them away with a jerk.

"I hope, Lotty," I whispered, "that *you* have no objection to receive me in the new character which I take upon me here for the first time?"

"*Me*?" Lotty said. "Why, on earth, should *I* have any objection? I wish you joy, I'm sure."

Lotty carried her little nose high in the air, she tossed her head, she gave utterance to a short, sharp laugh, and looked very much as if she were going to cry. Her manner was most perplexing. Who can interpret the signs of a woman's face, or predicate the way in which she will act under any given circumstances?

"Henry," said a mild, purring, sugary voice; "Mr. Jones, I mean—I beg your pardon."

I crossed over to Miss Simms. She motioned to me to take the chair beside her. I sat down. Lotty remained at the window. Her papa and mamma entered into private and engrossing conversation. Miss Simms and I were, to all intents and purposes, alone together.

Dinner was announced.

Even while I was looking round for Lotty, Miss Simms had seized my arm.

I went down the stairs in a hideous dream—that clinging, angular hand was a special nightmare upon me.

My place at the dinner-table was changed. From the time when Lotty used to appear at dessert-time in a clean white frock and blue sash, her place had always been by me. Now, I and Miss Simms were placed together on one side of the table, and Lotty alone on the other side.

I was perplexed and miserable. Some shadow of the truth—not as yet the terrible truth itself—began to fall upon me.

How I got through that dinner I cannot tell. The chief remembrance I have of it, is of the expression of Lotty's face. It was precisely the same look that I had seen on it half-a-dozen years before, when a new doll which I had presented to Lotty had been taken away from her in punishment of some childish peccadillo.

I remember that we had champagne, as upon some gala occasion.

Lotty's papa drank Miss Simms's health and my health together in a humorous manner.

I was in a ghastly dream. Whether I knew the truth or did not know it I cannot tell. The dinner was over at length—the wine was put on. The ladies drank their one glass and left us.

As I opened the door for them Miss Simms whispered: "Do not be long."

We filled our glasses with claret.

"My dear fellow," said my host, "this little affair has given me the most entire satisfaction. I had not a suspicion of it. My sister Sarah, though I say it, who shouldn't, is a most estimable person, a capital housewife, good-tempered, and you and she have always got on very well together in your tastes for poetry and so forth. Ages not unsuitable. You are no longer a chicken, my dear fellow, and if she has a year or two the advantage of you, why that is your affair not mine. That is a matter of taste. Of course you know that her little property amounts to a mere nothing. She has lived with us now for a number of years, and, upon my soul, I shall be sorry to lose her. But we must not be selfish in this world.

Yes, I am convinced that Sarah will make you an excellent wife."

"Sir!" I gasped, "there is some terrible and fatal mistake!"

"Mistake, sir?" cried my host, fiercely; "what do you mean?"

"Your sister is a very respectable person," I stammered; "but I never had the remotest idea of—of—"

"Of what, sir?"

"The remotest idea of asking her to be my wife."

"Jones!" he said, solemnly, "I always took you to be a man of honor. The feelings and affection of a woman are not to be played with in this atrocious manner . . ."

Everything swam before my eyes, the room turned round—the world was resolving itself again into chaos—the final collapse of all things was at hand.

Like Shylock, flung from the height of my certain hopes to ruin irretrievable and blank despair, I turned sick and faint.

"I pray you give me leave to go from hence,  
I am not well."

I rushed from the room—from the house.

That same night I took my passage on board a steamer, and floated away in the darkness, an exile from my native land.

---

## THE THEORY OF THE "ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF THE BIBLE," IS DISCREDITED AND CONDEMNED BY PROTESTANTS.

THE religious revolutionists of the sixteenth century perceived at an early stage of their proceedings the fatal tendency of their gospel liberty, and vainly endeavored to arrest the tide of infidelity which they let loose upon the world. However, they effected nothing more than to render conspicuous the absurdity of their biblical system; for that

surely must be absurd in theory, which its advocates are obliged to abandon in practice. Such precisely is the case with the principle which has been set forth in opposition to the authoritative and infallible teaching of the Church. The sole and exclusive sufficiency of Holy Scripture was proclaimed as the palladium of gospel liberty; the



proper and secure means for ascertaining and maintaining the truths of divine faith; yet upon inquiry we find that this doctrine never was sincerely believed by its most ardent abettors. The persons who proclaimed it never practiced it, as we can easily show by their professions of faith. Of these I shall select only a few that are most important, and include the whole amount of evidence which could be collected from other similar testimonies. In these documents we find the exclusive sufficiency of the Bible repudiated; we find a specified formula of faith established, and all else denounced and condemned. The Confession of Augsburg in its article on "*Unity of Essence*," condemns all heretics opposed to its views! On "*Original Sin*," it condemns the Pelagians! On the "*Ministry and Baptism*," it bestows double perdition on Anabaptists! On "*Penance*," it condemns those who assert that man being once justified cannot fall away from grace and virtue. In the seventh article on "*the Church*," it declares, that *One Holy Church* shall remain perpetual, and that in it "*the word of God shall be purely taught, and the sacraments purely administered*." Here the unity, sanctity, perpetuity, and visibility of the Church are made an article of so-called reformed faith. Now the Church that is one, holy, perpetual, and in which the word of God is purely taught, and the sacraments purely administered, must certainly be infallible, and being such, its authority to teach cannot be set aside by any appeal to the Bible, as a distinct and complete guide. Two things have been effected by the compilers of this Augsburg Confession: they have set forth their own definitions of faith; and they have solemnly declared that to be the pure word of God which is taught by the Church; accordingly it is evident that the

sole sufficiency of the Bible was denied by those creed-makers and their followers.

Our next subject of examination is found in the thirty-nine articles of Queen Elizabeth's Institution, known by the very peculiar and proper name, "*The Church by law established*." The eighteenth article pronounces a curse upon all persons presuming to say: "*That every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth*." The twentieth article declares that the Church hath authority in matters of faith! The thirty-third article attributes to the Church the power of excommunication, and declares that the person excommunicated ought to be considered by the whole body as "*a heathen and a publican*," until he be openly reconciled by penance and received into the Church! I must say that this is a very strange kind of liberty! First a man is told that he is not to believe anything except what is clearly stated in Scripture, or which may be proved by it; then after exercising his right of private judgment and discovering that the Bible did not authorize Elizabeth to set up a so-called Church; and that it could not be proved that a set of hard-drinking, gambling, dissolute members of Parliament were the foundation of the Church instead of the Apostles, he is called a heathen! Then, again, he must do penance, in order to obtain the comfort of being received into an establishment which declares itself to be fallible.

The establishment of Scotland lays down this position in its Confession of Faith, that "*there shall always be a Church on earth to worship God according to His will*," a position directly opposed to the idea of the sole and exclusive sufficiency of the Bible. The subscribers to that confession oblige themselves "*to abhor and detest all religion and doctrine contrary*

thereto, even as they are damned and confuted by the word of God and the kirk of Scotland." So that although a man may study the Bible with a prayerful spirit, and prove thereby many things clear and satisfactory for his conscientious conviction, yet if he happens to disagree with the kirk, he becomes a subject of horror and detestation. The same Confession declares that "*it belongs to synods and councils ministerially to determine controversies of faith.*"

The National Assembly of the so-called Reformed Church of France obliged all its members to subscribe thus: "*We promise before God to submit to all that shall be resolved in your Holy Assembly; convinced as we are that God will preside over it and guide you by his holy Spirit into all truth.*" From these authorities and from the confessions of all parties who pretend to maintain the Bible as being alone a rule of faith, it is evident that there is an assumption of infallible authority to teach, to sit in judgment on matters of doctrine, and to pass sentence of excommunication upon dissenters. And thus it is clearly proved that although it may be convenient, through subserviency to popular clamor, and for the purpose of exciting enmity against the Church of God, to publish as a theory the Bible, and the Bible alone, in practice such a principle is totally abandoned, and we are justified in saying that such a system is an absurdity, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

The experience of a few years brought clearly before the eyes of the fermenters of the religious rebellion of the sixteenth century, the frightful consequences that must always ensue from a rejection of legitimate authority and the adoption of a system of anarchy. As they had defied the jurisdiction of the Church, they soon dis-

covered that their own usurpation over the consciences of men was despised; and, in the bitterness of disappointed ambition, they acknowledged that their power was unequal to the task of appeasing the spirit which they had evoked.

"*Verily I must acknowledge (writes Luther) much trouble cometh of my teaching. Yea, I cannot deny that this matter maketh me sorrowful when my conscience especially chideth me, in that I have torn asunder the former state of the Church, which was tranquil and peaceful under the Pope, and excited much trouble, discord, and faction by my teaching. If the world endureth much longer we shall be forced by reason of the contrary interpretations of the Bible which now prevail to adopt again and take refuge in the decrees of Councils.*" Calvin writes to Melancthon: "*It is of no little moment that the dissensions which have arisen amongst us should remain unsuspected by posterity. For it is truly ridiculous that after opposing ourselves to the entire world we should at the very commencement differ among ourselves.*" "*The whole Elbe (proclaimed Melancthon) could not supply water enough to bewail the dissensions of the Reformation.*" Thus did the very men who proclaimed the principle of Bible guidance record their condemnation. The case was then such as it is in our days; such as it ever shall be when men presume to deviate from the order of instruction appointed by our divine Master from the beginning; no harmony of judgment was found or could be expected! Under such a system one man has as good a right as another to indulge in daring conjecture or sturdy dogmatism. All moderation is lost in the conflict of opinions, and the combatants agree in nothing but in detesting each other and disturbing the peace of

the world. Each man thinks he has discovered what God concealed, and gives his own opinion as a supplement to revelation. The iterated cry of modern times, "*To the Bible! to the Bible!*" has been the constant cry of all separatists from the Church in every age. And what has been the effect of these appeals to the holy written word? Have they eradicated error, and brought men to the unity of the faith? Quite the reverse. But, is the Bible the cause of all the divisions which exist? No man, no professing Christian can have the presumption to say that it is. And what then is the cause of these disorders? The self-sufficiency of individuals, who prefer their own opinions to the immutable truths taught and believed by the Church of Christ. Hear the Church, say the Scriptures of truth! Hear no Church, but judge for yourselves, say the opponents of the apostolic ministry. Believe the Holy Catholic Church, says the Apostles' creed; disbelieve the Church, say those who pretend to extraordinary reverence for the evangelical writings. From generation to generation, from kingdom to kingdom, this system of setting up the Bible in opposition to the infallibility of the Church has been denounced as an impious delusion, and the fertile source of infidelity and immorality, by the most distinguished men belonging to the very establishments that subsist through the maintenance of this pretence of the sole sufficiency of Scripture rule. The learned Dr. Walton of the "Church of England by law established," complained of it in the following terms: "*Aristarchus could find scarce seven wise men in Greece; but with us there are scarce to be found so many idiots; all are doctors, all are divinely inspired, learned. There is not so much as the meanest fanatic that*

*does not give you his own dreams for the word of God. The bottomless pit seems to have been set open from which a smoke has arisen which has darkened the heavens, and the locusts are come out with stings, a numerous race of heretics and sectarians, who have renewed all the ancient heresies, and invented many monstrous opinions of their own; these have filled our cities, nay, our pulpits too, and led the poor deluded people with them to the pit of perdition.*" Numerous, indeed, are the undoubted and well-authenticated historical facts which I might adduce to show that treason, sedition, and almost every crime in the catalogue of sin went hand-in-hand with the rejection of the teaching of the Church and the pretence of the sole sufficiency of the Bible. It is enough to make reference to a few authorities outside the pale of the Catholic Church, to such men as Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Beza, Ludeth, Grotius, Rivetus, Strype, Camden, Heylin, Dugdale. To use their own words the immediate consequences of this principle were: "*A general corruption of morals—charity became weakened—no conformity in the manner of living with the law of God—avarice, oppression, murder—no remedy by law, magistrates making a traffic of justice—adultery and libertinism—ambition and jealousy among the great—insolence and sedition among the people.*"

I say this system has led to infidelity, and has debased the masses of the people into frightful immorality and religious ignorance in every country where it prevails. Cast your eyes towards Germany, and then say if I am wrong in my assertion.

Now let us look to England. That ill-fated land of pride, and lust, and mammon, lies to-day, by its own confession, deep under a cloud of mental, moral, and relig-



ious darkness,\* which makes the condition of millions of souls, for whom the Saviour shed his blood, more pitiable than that of the stolid savages of Africa, or the ice-bound regions of the Arctic. In a recent debate on general education in England and Wales, the following facts were introduced to the notice of the Parliament. From a report of the census, it appears that in 1851 there were *three million* of children between three and fifteen years of age who were attending no school at all. In 1846, when the population of England was seventeen million eighteen thousand six hundred, there were sixty thousand eight hundred and fifty-six persons convicted of crime! The population of Austria (1838) was twenty-three million six hundred and fifty-two thousand, and detected crimes amounted to twenty-nine thousand four hundred and ninety-two. The result was, therefore, that while the population of Austria was upwards of six million five hundred thousand more than that of England, the detected crime in England was double that of Austria. So that in Austria one in eight hundred of the population is detected in crime, while in England one in three hundred is detected, making a difference of nearly three to one. (General and Religious Ignorance.)

It is not only that children from twelve to fifteen years of age cannot read or write, but they are not acquainted with the Creed, or with the Lord's Prayer, and scarcely know that there is a God in heaven! Inquiry having been made, whether such cases were of frequent occurrence, the invariable answer has been, that they are *the rule*, not *the exception*. The most complete and heathenish ignorance prevails among the children. It is found

that the generality of grown-up boys have not an idea of religion in any shape or form. A Reverend Mr. Clay says that the majority of men, women, and youths who came under his observation, amounting to many thousands, were so incapable of receiving moral or religious instruction that to speak to them of virtue, vice, iniquity or holiness *was to speak to them in an unknown tongue!*

By a report, furnished in 1849, on the state of education in Preston, it appears that only ten per cent. were acquainted with the elementary truths of religion,—sixty-two per cent. were ignorant of the words "*virtue*" and "*vice*," and did not even know the Saviour's name.

Now let us follow those thousands to their homes, let us go to the homes of those children, and we easily discover the lamentable condition of the bulk of the population. For, the parents of these unhappy people must not have been Christians. The name of Christ must not have been heard beneath their ill-starred roofs. Still more their neighbors must have resembled themselves, else why should these boys not have heard the Saviour's name? The whole population must in England be one mass of something worse than pagans. In every country, even the most savage, there is some Divinity adored and feared after some fashion, however gross. But in England they scarcely know that there is a God at all. It is worse than barbarism, as Mr. Clay is right in declaring, because, while these unhappy outcasts know nothing of a Saviour or a God, they are conversant with vice, they are familiar with crime, and they are steeped in debauchery.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOTES ON THE SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE. By Rev. S. S. Smith, Professor of Sacred Scripture, Canon Law, and Ecclesiastical History at Seton Hall Seminary. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

All Catholic publications, especially of such importance as this one, should invariably, in our humble judgment, bear the proper *imprimatur*. This book, however, does not. We do not commence our criticism with this assertion because we wish to find fault, as some of our contemporaries have done, with its contents. It certainly is not perfection, but it is perfect enough for its purpose, and we heartily agree with the editor of the *New York Tablet* when he says that anything which tends to throw light upon the constitutions of the Church should always prove welcome, especially to the laity, who are grossly culpable in their ignorance in the premises. Any one who has read the review department of this magazine for the past two years, knows well how strongly we have spoken to the laity on this point; here now is another fine opportunity offered them to improve their minds in ecclesiastical law and lore, and we hope they will avail themselves of it. Father Smith has told us but little that as layman we might know, but that little is amply sufficient for the purpose. We have heard the objection brought against his book that he is too diffuse in the discussion of settled questions, but the features of what somebody ignorantly styles "the American Church" are by no means so regular as those of its European sisters; but we live in the hopes that time may soften them into the chaste lines of Rome's maternal beauty, therefore we think our author excusable if he merely paints them as they are, not as they might be. He is, we think, however, a little too personal at times; for instance, the earnestness and redundancy of his remarks about Archbishop Spalding's hospitality are hardly in place, and expose him to the inconvenience of a hint that comparisons are sometimes odious. These are, however, but slight blemishes on a generally excellent and valuable book.

CHARTERIS; a Romance. By Miss M. Meline, authoress of *Montaige's Legacy*, *In Six Months*, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 Market Street. 1874

Miss Meline is, we believe, a sister of

the late and deeply revered Col. James M. Meline. We have read all her previous books, but in the present one she seems to have presented us with the mellowed fruits of a long-ripening authorship, of which her preceding works were but imperfect blossoms of promise. The style is refined, the plot is exceedingly vivid and skilfully managed, the scenes are laid amid beautiful surroundings, and the dialogue sprightly and generally as *natural* as that of a novel ought to be. We regard it from a hasty glance through its chapters as one of the very best books for pleasure-reading that we have perused for a long time, and we think that in these days of *deceitful* literature Miss Meline ought to credit us in saying this with a very high compliment. We perhaps ought to add that while the story is thoroughly Catholic in moral tone, as the Catholicity of its authoress ought to make it, it is written and admirably suited for all classes of readers.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PROTESTANT IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 27 S. Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This, as its title imports, is a controversial tale, but it is also what its name does not import, a story of more than ordinary merit of its kind, both in beauty of sentiment and grace of composition. Its author, "Iota," whoever he or she may be, is evidently a refined and soulful scholar. It has none of the childish *wishy-washiness* which too often characterizes doctrinal tales. The author, in a truly beautiful and instructive preface, explains the scope of the work as follows: "We attempt in these pages to exhibit some of the workings of a mind that may be taken as the type of a large class of young, thoughtful, studious men of the day, who having had instilled into their minds the divine right of private judgment, as the phrase is, have determined to shape out their own course of thought, cast off the prejudices of their education, and adopt as their motto for life, Every man his own creed-maker." Of course the author is himself a convert, and therefore abundantly able to compose such a work in even a far more satisfactory manner than one to the manner born, and therefore happily ignorant of that unblissful gift, a mind working with religious fermentation.

THE  
CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

---

VOL. VIII.

FROM NOVEMBER, 1874, TO APRIL, 1875.

---

PHILADELPHIA:  
HARDY & MAHONY,  
505 CHESTNUT STREET.

1875.





# CONTENTS.

## VOL. VIII.

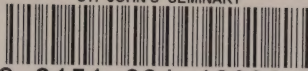
	PAGE		PAGE
A Brand Snatched from the Burning.....	76	Liberty and License of Religious Thought...	300
An Old Boy's Tale.....	158	Love's Reproach.....	235
Ancient Christmas Chant, An.....	172	Love.....	12
Angel and the Child, The. From the French of Rebould.....	89	Mission to the Colored People, The. A Docu- ment.....	257
Beethoven, A Story of.....	121	Miraculous Manifestations.....	340
Cardinal Cullen.....	321	New Year's Welcome, A.....	138
Casket and Key.....	314	Necessity for an Educated Priesthood, The. An Appeal for the more Generous Sup- port of Theological Seminaries by the Laity.....	1
Christian Schools in the Middle Ages.....	143	Observations on the Marks of the Church.....	86
Church of the Cup of Water, The.....	177	Old New Year's Customs.....	173
Chapter on Ecclesiastical Architecture, A.....	364	Pope, The.....	129
Does Papal Infallibility Involve Civil Dis- loyalty?.....	65	Sanctity and Honor of the Roman Pontificate Demonstrated ....	19
Died—Aged Seven Years.....	120	Secrets of the Gems.....	309
Delaroches' Picture of Marie Antoinette.....	282	St. Patrick, His Life and Apostolic Labors... ..	290
Editorial Notes.....60, 124, 187, 252, 316,	379	Storm, The.....	304
Ellen Mayland.....	248	Starry Heavens, The.....	213
Eternity.....	247	Sunbeams from Cucumbers.. ..	143
Father and Child.....	186	Temporal Power of the Popes, The. Its Ori- gin Philosophically and Politically Con- sidered.....	193, 267
First Christmas, The.....	75	"This Mrs. James" .....	205, 276, 349
Flattering Reminiscence, A.....	48	The Truth of it.....	13, 96
Forever.....	104	To Whom we are Indebted for the Preserva- tion of Ancient Literature.....	90
Gleam of Light from the "Dark Ages," A... ..	30	To the Sad Hour of Yesterday.....	55
Haydn, Two Scenes from the Life of .....	25	To a Child's Angel Guardian.....	368
Hero in Spite of Himself, A.....	295	Two Pictures, Merely Suggestive.....	139
History of a Violin.....	369	Twice Mistaken. From a Batchelor's Diary of Christmas Day.....	111
How the Esquimaux Live.....	181	Visit to Mt. Vernon, A. A Reverie for Wash- ington's Birthday.....	216
In February.....	204	Why not Martyrdom?.....	280
John Maitland's Prayer.....	331	Xavier de Merodé.....	56
Jubilee, The.....	236		
King and the Slave, The.....	329		
Legend of the Madonna's Veil, The.....	224		
Legend of St. Patrick, A.....	264		
Lenten Hymn, A.....	357		
Letters to a Protestant Friend, 41, 105, 165, 240, 283, 358			

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Bible History (Lessons in Bible History).....	320	Library of the Sacred Heart, comprising the following popular works: I. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. II. The Paradise of God, the Virtues of the Sacred Heart. III. The Holy Communion; it is my Life. IV. God our Father. V. Practical Piety by St. Francis de Sales. VI. The Happiness of Heaven.....	123
Catechism of the Christian Doctrine.....	320	Little Companion of the Sisters of Mercy, The .....	384
Catholic Almanac for 1875.....	256	Manual of Universal Church History, A.....	64
Conferences on Life.....	64	Manual of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.....	192
Criterion; or, How to Detect Error and Arrive at Truth.....	384	Newman's Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.....	256
Daily Life of the Sick; or, Consolation in the Hours of Suffering.....	255	St. Joseph, The Month of.....	320
Domas Dei. A Collection of Religious and Memorial Poems.....	383	The Straw-cutter's Daughter.....	256
Dramas and Dramatic Scenes.....	256	Veil Withdrawn, The.....	256
Eagle and Dove.....	128	Young Folks' History of the United States, 256	
Elements of Physics, The.....	128		
Forms of Ordination of a Priest, The.....	64		
Grapes and Thorns.....	64		
Irish Singers' Own Book.....	192		
King's Highway, The; or, The Catholic Church the Way of Salvation as Revealed by the Holy Scriptures.....	192		



ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



3 8151 001 16023 0

LIBRARY  
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY  
BRIGHTON, MASS

